MOMENTS OF GENIUS

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MOMENTS OF GENIUS

BY

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

These studies might be called the synthetic side of the work of which the Author's previous book, *Human Documents*, represents rather the analytical aspect. A great representative of some form of human faculty or accomplishment is taken at a critical moment of his career, the personality is vividly stamped as in a cameo, in the fore-part of the study; then, as in a vista, is shown the vision of his past, and (as following on the Moment of Genius) the adumbration of the future, all expressed in the feelings of the subject and the aspirations of his soul. The Author considers various forms of human greatness in turn, even the glory of physical perfection, choosing, for the sake of similarities or contrasts, two representatives of each.

The characters studied are:

Julius Cæsar Buonaparte	Types of the Soldier
Demosthenes Danton	Types of the Orator
Zeno St Just	Types of the Stoic
Mnesarete	Type of Female Beauty
Frank Hewitt	Type of Athletic Grace
Carpeaux Albert Moore	Types of the Artist
Dante Camoens	Types of the Poet (Southern)
Milton Keats	Types of the Poet (English)
Aristotle Descartes	Types of the Philosopher
Abel Galois	Types of the Mathematician
Schwann Darwin	Types of the Biologist

These studies were not written as task-work for the completion of a book, but (the thought of the synthetic expression of the faculties being always with the Author) they grew with the years, until finally, having completed twenty, he has formed them into a volume. By this

association the whole has acquired a new feature. That is to say, the studies should not be regarded as merely individual and separate: together they form an expression of the glory of the powers of man. This aspect is brought into relief in an introduction, of which the keynote is: "The world is always magical, and the key to that magic is in the soul of man."

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

HALF way up the mountain the pilgrim had reached an eminence from which he could view more clearly the summit as well as the extent of the road he had traversed. The journey had been rough and perilous. Out of breath with the exertion of the ascent he threw himself upon the ground. A sense of fatigue for a few moments overpowered him, yet it was not an ungrateful sense. The distant mountain top soared above him, enchanting by its beauty, its mystery; the path he had traversed was plainly traced in that fine atmosphere.

The fatigue of the body acted like a narcotic. He was carried down into his memories, deeper and deeper; he seemed to be descending into an abyss not yet illuminated, feeling that at every step he had power to mount again; yet feeling also the delicious

sense of languor in allowing himself to be borne into that world of old remembrance. The hypnotic feeling shrouded him. His mind became active in reflections, not because of an intention of reflecting, but that insensibly and almost in spite of his will it was held up to the contemplation of what was passing before his mental vision; and unconsciously also and without effort that which was passing before his vision was the record of his life, his hopes, efforts, ambitions, dreams and illusions, and the stern realities of his experiences.

That rough road was Life; the distant mountain the Ideal. The repose midway helped the pilgrim to shape his thoughts and to behold them in review.

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THE INTRODUCTION

The world is always magical—magical, if we have it within ourselves to find the magic. The key to that magic is in the soul of man.

We may feel at times that our life is humdrum and tame, that our energies are spent on meagre details, petty concerns, that we are bound prisoner by a thousand invisible ties that hold us within the shallows, while yet on the other hand in our hopes, our aspirations, our dreams, a world of great things, splendid deeds and golden thoughts float in the brain, allure us with tempting shapes, fascinate us by secrets half revealed. These golden thoughts, these visions of enchantment, are not unreal; their attainment lies within our destiny; the way thither is through toil, though steadiness of purpose does not exclude the radiancy of visioned hopes.

Genius itself is not altogether of intellect; genius is the outpouring into chance channels of an intense life of activity, the opening of the windows of the mind to inspiration; but that requires preparation in the training of toil, it demands determination to win the goal. Not the intellect alone, but the fervour of the heart, the indomitable will are the instruments of glory.

Yes; but the paths, the paths of glorious attraction, even the paths possible of great achievement are many. Whither shall the soul take its course? What signs may it see that beckon to the immortal leap? The soul has many capacities, yet the cultivation of each means neglect of the rest, the starving of many a promised accomplishment. Genius has the sad courage to make this inexorable sacrifice.

By what signs, or on what promise is that choice made? Genius finds that the answer is not contained within the powers of the individual man. There is something here of the supernatural,

something of the contact and of the leading of that world of strange things that hover over our heads, and yet in moments of genius seem to intervene almost directly in our destiny. Life is lived greatly in moments; the rest of life is but a toiling up to the heights. And those moments are the most powerful, the most enduring in their influence, that have come by inspiration, serene and deep, or flamed with fire of passion.

Moments of Genius! The title "Moments" has been adopted because one strand of association that runs through these studies is that they represent each a moment in the life of a man of genius. In that moment his previous course is rapidly recalled and his future foreshadowed. But the word moment has another sense, which has been not without influence. We speak of the moment of the stress bending a beam, and here also we see at work the forces that play upon a man, that affect him to his foundations, and make all his fibres

strain. There are moments that strike upon the soul so that it vibrates like a bell, startling with its own undreamt-of music, and making known the compass of its harmonies, its faults, its flaws, as well as its uttermost strength.

In our first aspirations there float before us intimations of what the magic world contains. Experience, trial, disappointment follow. Then, perhaps, in the midst of great fatigue we find a new sense of enjoyment in reflection, and a solace in sympathy with the joys and the sorrows of others. And through it all we feel that we are tracing out the patterns of a wonderful tapestry whose woof is entwined through our own being. Then we know the attraction of a fate which is not our own; we feel in germ the possibilities of a strange destiny. And so in this study of Moments of Genius it may seem as if we walked in a forest avenue, seeing beyond us the glimpses of heaven and its mysteries, and on every side the paths to the long alluring vistas, to the ends

of which we try to stretch the sight, and where unknown adventures loom vaguely as dreams. Cæsar, Zeno, Aristotle, Dante, St Just—these are ourselves in dreams once realised. We complete the circuit; we find then that these destinies are not separated; they are linked to ours. In these symbolic forms we examine the making of our own souls.

In the types studied two of each have been taken—we get a hint here from a saying of Goethe that we know no language unless we know two languages —for by comparison we see more deeply into the inner values of things of which we have noticed the surface show. Cæsar is the type of the conqueror, the man who uses force as an instrument to clear the ground for the exercise of his will. Napoleon Buonaparte is *par excellence* the soldier of fortune. He said himself that Lodi awoke his soul. His dreams from the beginning were those of power won by the sword, the vast capacities of his mind could find exercise

only in the arena thus opened. Crushed for a time beneath the sordid circumstances of his youth, he saw the path widen when Lodi had sounded its signal in his ears. Cæsar and Napoleon both had many talents besides those necessary for success in war; but these were added gifts. Their careers stand forth as those of great soldier dominators.

Demosthenes is the genius as orator. Æschines taunted him with his inferiority to others whom he named, but Demosthenes remarked that these were dead. In that perspective too we see Demosthenes as the great type of antiquity. He led a nation, the most variously and wonderfully gifted that the world has known; and he led that nation by the sheer force of the spoken word. The history of Athens during a critical period is summed up in his orations.

Throughout the course of history we find examples of brilliant orators, men accomplished in every art of persuasion or authority. Yet there are few who have been veritable representatives of

great nations, fighting their battles in the van and depending for their power on eloquence alone. This could hardly have been said of Cicero; and the great modern orators who have adorned British history have for the most part modelled themselves on Cicero. Their achievements are involved too largely in questions of party politics; we miss the vast upwelling fount of eloquence, the originality of type.

I seem to find none but Danton who gave the world example of a great and characteristic force of oratory, the faculty of swaying a nation by the magnificent expression of the sentiment that sounded its inmost desires and gave its aspirations scope. Danton occupied high positions in the state, he and his compeers accomplished marvels of executive work, but Danton was not a statesman in any complete sense, he was not a man of great education or of deep thought, his character was weak in many points, his very oratory was rough, unpolished, almost

uncouth; yet it was as the word-bearer of France that he stood forth, a champion in the eyes of the French people and in the sight of the nations. That was the strength of Danton, on that rests his fame; on that was based for a moment the resistance of the revolutionary force to the power of monarchical Europe; on one great speech hung the fate of the world.

Zeno is the founder of the stoical philosophy. Around his life and character shine the atmosphere of ancient Greece, that association of beauty and thought and high accomplishment never since adequately reproduced. Zeno is the type of philosopher whose philosophy is his life.

I find the modern exemplar in St Just, that austere young man, a Greek himself one would have said, the stoic in action, during an epoch when the grand and austere ideals clashed so amazingly with the multiplex modern life. He made of politics a great philosophy, a new

religion, and he met his death serene and steadfast in stoic fortitude.

The course of thought from war to statesmanship, to philosophy, leads one to the free review of human gifts. The beginning of art may be found in the admiration of beauty of form; and here once more we find the genial Greeks abundant in examples. All the capacities of man are based on the physical; and here is a world of beauties and of perfections, gifts of which the delight should be amongst the liveliest motions of the soul. I have chosen as the antique type of physical beauty her whom Praxiteles admired—Mnesarete, or Phryne—and I am no more concerned to think here grievously of her spiritual faults than I am to blame Darwin or Descartes for their shortcomings in beauty—though indeed these faults and these shortcomings were deplorable lapses from perfection. History has given us records of women who claim high respect both for moral qualities and intellectual power, from Zenobia

to Charlotte Corday, from the Princess Palatine to Sonia Kowalesky. But what man can understand the soul of a woman? I admire what I know, and that is her physical beauty.

The sports of the Greeks have been continued and developed in our days principally amongst the English-speaking people; and as representative of the oldest and, in the highest degree of excellence, one of the most exquisite exercises, that of the runner, I have taken Frank Hewitt, that renowned and graceful athlete who looked like a Greek and ran like a sylph, and who in his athletic soul felt all the glory of his feats.

In the plastic arts Greek sculpture is supreme. We stand in mute admiration before a group of Phidias, but the personality of the sculptor eludes us. Amongst the moderns we see the struggle and the progress to a sense of perfection. Carpeaux at the end of his career was only beginning to realise his power and to attain success in the reproduction of magnificent ideals; a sculptor and

nothing else, he has in his marvellous fashion given us a new thing in art, the feeling of life and movement. Carpeaux gave to his sculpture lightness and wings. Never since Praxiteles has such skill been known. In *The Dance*, now adorning the façade of the Opera House in Paris, he has found means to show in each individual figure freedom and grace, while into the rhythm and movement of the whole group he has infused a new enchanting harmony.

Albert Moore again in his particular style has given us a new thing in art, the sense of perfect form and fine repose, of beauty unsolicitous, the feeling of strength and durability. Albert Moore seems to me to have been a sculptor at heart, but one who, having turned to another medium, gave at length to his painting the solidity and depth of sculpture, and endowed his beautiful groups with a Phidian calm.

The plastic arts lead the mind to other forms of art; the most delicate, sensitive and complex of these is poetry;

it is this which combines intellectual vision with the appeal to deep emotions. What do we seek for in the poet? Every deep and sincere thought cast up in a flood of emotion has a certain element of poetry, but the forms of expression are protean. From the light flow of the infectious song of Shelley's Skylark to the poems of love of the Hebrew poet enthralled with the beauty of woman; from the broad pictures, the homely touches and divine associations, the free and living atmosphere of the blind old Grecian bard, to that subtlest of forms, the evocation of the stress of emotions in their own imagery—who shall restrict the range of poetry?

But there are poets whose works have yet another distinction. Dante is the embodiment of the spirit of his nation, its delicacy, suppleness and strength, the mystic emotion almost painful in its fine intensity, the force that drives its image in the mind. Dante is the finest exponent of all that was great in the imagination of a thousand years, in that

night of time into which had glimmered the early beams of the Renaissance.

Camoëns is the type of Portugal, of the Portugal of enterprise and the atmosphere of old romance; he brings the delight of the broad free earth, the dancing waves, the blue sky, the aroma and the colour of the gorgeous East, and all with never-failing soft and perfect charm. In his epic, *Os Lusiadas*, Camoëns mingles with the air of chivalry and the renown of world adventures a feeling pervaded with the spirit of the Greek, the love of plastic beauty.

Dante and Camoëns have given a standard to the literature of their countries. In this respect Shakespeare is the most representative of the English poets, but the personality of Shakespeare seems to evade us. What manner of man was Shakespeare? . . .

Byron's soul was not a flower of England. His genius found its expression in the revolt of a sensitive nature against the bonds of insular conventions. He was the champion of a Europe of unrest.

In every clime that he has touched on he seems a national poet—he is a Scot, a Spaniard, a Greek, an Italian, his *esprit* is native French. It is the very diversity, the contradictions of his wayward mind that have baffled me in forming any image that would seem to depict him truly.

In English literature Milton and Keats seem to me those who are most inevitably poets, each having his fate written as on high—a Chosen One. Milton is not all embraced in the popular type of the puritan poet or the mystic seer; the Milton of the Italian tour smitten with the beauty of women is found throughout his poems; the supernatural machinery of *Paradise Lost* is unconvincing even in his hands, but the fervid interest of his personality infused in his verse at the best will live for ever.

Keats stands apart. Year by year the admiration for his poetry has grown. Yet most of those who admire fail to recognise the quality of his thought, to find in his metaphysic brooding the very

fount and spring of all his wondrous verse. The poems of Keats can be fully appreciated, I think, only by those who see in them a strain of thought that links in association the scriptures of Solomon, *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Sartor Resartus*, and *Endymion*. That poem of Keats, beneath the fascination of its imagery, is the spiritual biography of the man, the most divinely gifted mind vouchsafed as yet to "the realms of gold."

As representative of science Aristotle stands out in the ancient world not only for that comprehension of the meaning of science that gave him his reputation of universality, but also for his ardour, his devotion to that noble cause. Aristotle is not merely a thinker. He is rather of the breed of the great spiritual poets and seers, his prodigious intellect alone lifting him beyond their ranks and giving the possibility of continuity of the work that dominated the world for nigh two thousand years. When we consider his undertakings as

a pioneer of science, we are less astonished at his occasional failures than amazed at the variety, the depth, the immense intellectual activity, the incessant brilliancy of that high mind.

And what of Kant? Kant is a notable example of the great man as thinker. By the sheer force of his intellect alone the little Königsberger professor held the world in attention. He has influenced all succeeding generations of men of thought. Kant has left theses of high value in the regions of science, and suggestions due to him have resulted in greater work than he actually accomplished, but it was not these achievements that gave him his prestige and his authority. That was derived from his *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, and to represent Kant in any other fashion is in part to misrepresent him. And yet it is this work that seems to have least validity. It is the mystic expression of the temporal needs of the man rather than the exposition, in an objective spirit, of the

world from which all philosophies take their sanction. The dry little secluded system-builder, shut out from a thousand worlds of vivid reality, cannot have said the last word in Ethics; even the famous *Categorical Imperative* falls beneath the shafts of Goethe's ironic wit.

In Descartes, Aristotle has found a fitting peer; that active, subtle mind containing within itself the possibility of so many worldly triumphs, yet imbued with the spirit of sacrifice—even to life itself—in the service of the religion of thought. Descartes is of the old school of Aristotle, even though he rejected the authority of the master and succeeded in correcting some of his errors. There is the same sort of brilliant mental energy, patience, absorption, the like high view of the eternal task of the exploration of the world. The portion of the work of Descartes to which in a narrow sense the name of thinker would formerly have been attached is that which has least vitality; but the man remains

essentially great, one of the greatest of the pioneers of modern science, and hence of our modern world.

Of modern representatives of a branch of Aristotle's activities one is Theodore Schwann, who helped to lay the foundations of the germ theory and of the cell theory, and whose experiments and manner of mental operation have that trenchant stroke and directness of attack that mark genius; another is Darwin, the quiet country gentleman, whose soul was absorbed in the attentive study of nature, and from that communion brought forth truths that have rung throughout the reaches of human society—the modern "monk who shook the world."

Part of the work of Descartes in turn has its representatives in two young men, intellectually amongst the most marvellously endowed of all time: Niels Henrik Abel and Evariste Galois. Abel died at the age of twenty-six in poverty, almost unknown; his greatest work, soon to bring fame to his name, still

unnoticed by the Academy to whose care he had consigned it. I associate him in my mind with Keats; theirs was the like soaring spirit of genius, the like brilliancy of imperishable work, the like gentleness of spirit, the like unhappy fate.

Galois was of another type, the man of Plutarch's school, the fiercely energetic, profoundly thinking, strongly independent soul; a boy—for he was killed in a duel at the age of twenty-one —whose thoughts have given a stimulus to mathematics through all the generations since his death.

. . . . . .

It is not always the finely balanced, well-rounded characters, the perfect heroes that win our hearts. In this way I have not been solicitous to school my admirations or to discipline my affections. And yet with these studies arising in accidental fashion I find the true meaning of accident exemplified; these things fall out unexpectedly, but they so fall out because they were inevitable.

Far from having started with the intention of forming a well-ordered gallery of great men, I find that I have passed over the names of some of the greatest. What intellect, for instance, more delicately fine than that of Pascal? What more admirable than the ingenuity and the patience of Kepler? What more astonishing in the world than the achievements of Newton? But Newton was lacking in qualities that attract us to lesser mortals. Who more speculative and profound than Leibnitz? What life more rounded and complete in high activities than that of Gauss? What labours of higher prestige than those of Lagrange and Laplace? What mind more luminous than that of Thomas Young? What greater in later days than the work of Kirchoff, of Helmholtz, of Le Verrier, of Pasteur?

To all of these I pay devout homage, and to Davy, to Faraday, to Maxwell, to Claude Bernard, to Riemann; I admire with enthusiasm men of the stamp of Carnot, of Monge, of Lavoisier;

I thrill at the brilliant style of Bichat or of Hertz.

But there are others who have attracted me for some peculiar reason—the sense of the incongruity of destiny in men like Abel and Evariste Galois, or the contrast between the secluded thinkers of the type of Schwann or of Darwin and the vast revolutions to which their thoughts gave rise. There have been men of science certainly more celebrated in the world than Abel; but he is comparable to Keats alone in the sorrow of his life and in that quality of mind so gifted, so transcendent that it rises into the divine. There have been greater philosophers than Evariste Galois; but in the whole history of the human intellect I know of no study more poignant than that of the young genius who died at the age of twenty, his mind already filled with great conceptions and with a scientific discipline so extended that not till fifty years after his death had mathematics covered the ground to which his

brilliant and far-reaching speculations were directed.

The habit of analysis must be infused into the spirit of the thinker, and no synthetic view is complete unless it be based on analysis. On a former occasion[1] I took pains to apply the instrument of analysis to the study of types of our actual society, dealing with them in an objective manner with the endeavour to exhibit the elements, physical, moral and intellectual, which form the character and determine the career of the individual in his environment.

But analysis of this kind is not inconsistent with the enjoyment that springs from the vision of beautiful things. Why should philosophy put on a sour and forbidding aspect? Why should not the philosopher, tricked betimes in silk stockings and buckled shoes, show himself accomplished, if possible, in body and mind, grave, courteous, considerate, alive to the never-

[1] *Human Documents.*

ending forms of human effort? I would have him able to find pleasure not only in the subtle explications of science, but willing also to enjoy a foot race, a poem, the warbling voice of a Patti, the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

A great drift of our day is towards specialisation, and in other quarters there is to be found the tendency towards extensive generalisation. Certainly there is nothing incompatible in the association of the mental activities implied, but the question of time intervenes in one's practical life. It is impossible for a man to develop all his faculties in perfection; a complete knowledge of special sciences cannot be acquired together with a varied and deep acquaintance with literature and a great activity in public life.

Yet it is possible for a man to glance at the realms that under other circumstances might have allured him to their joys and pains; and as he proceeds along the winding course of his own life he perceives again from time to time

the stretching vistas, the nooks, forest scenes, that seem potent still to allure his footsteps.

We have reached a transition stage in our development. Old beliefs that satisfied the human mind for centuries have lost their sense of reality, and nothing has arrived to compensate for the promise they contained. The mirage has disappeared, but the encircling desert still remains, and we see no goal to our pilgrimage. Yet we must not give way to pessimism. Pessimism is a philosophy only in so far as it suggests the annihilation of our race, and our whole nature recoils from that conclusion. Pessimism as conduct is a form of intellectual disease. Still less justifiable is the spirit of abandonment that finds the age of great things past. Let anyone bring forth all that is best in himself and whip up to its highest display the most recondite form of his genius or the noblest aspirations of his soul, he will assuredly find a peer. And that should suffice.

The world, life, the concrete things that interest us become more marvellous, more profound, more strangely solemn and divine than ever, and the problems presented to our souls demand in the highest degree the bracing up of all that is great and heroic within us.

I hope that the reader may find in this little book something of the stimulation which comes from contact with spirits that have dared and toiled. Could I call forth a faint echo of the thoughts that have arisen in my mind, I believe that the book would be not without reward. The reader must add of his own, and, where I stumble, soar. In any case it is good to be brought to think how vast, how complex, is our human life, how infinite its accomplishments, how entrancing in the contemplation of its heights, how sombre in its depths, yet even here with a note of godlike awe that robs from the mind the grossness of its pain.

In this way the book is one of optimism; for the larger the view of all

life the more do we find the harmony that rounds at length from activities diverse and natures incomplete. Let the individual man be sincere, his work merges into the life, and helps within its just degree to enhance the value, of Man.

JULIUS CÆSAR

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It was the evening of a soft Italian summer day. Cæsar was sitting, half reclining, on the white marble balustrade. From time to time he had gazed upon the sun in its gradual sinking. The little villa overlooked the bay of Baiæ, and beyond the waters the sun's beams were enduing the western sky with a gorgeous panoply of melting hues. Yet as Cæsar looked up from the scroll he was reading the visual objects were hardly present to his mind.

From time to time he had risen and paced the white floor of the portico with slow, pondering, but withal somewhat agitated steps. More than once he had stood fixedly in one spot for a lengthened period, his head bent down as if scanning the ground; and then again he had paced mechanically backwards and forwards, not pursuing and

teasing out an intellectual problem, but rather as though seized and governed by the contemplation of the series of pictures that, beyond the power of his will, were moving within his mind.

Cæsar's tall, thin figure was slightly bent, but there was no suggestion of lack of vigour in his step. The countenance, pale but clear, had lost the roundness of youth, but in spite of the indefinable sadness of expression exhibited a mask of striking beauty. The lips, delicately formed and mobile, were now pressed together as if in deadly resolution, and from the dark eyes there glowed a fire that seemed to illuminate the face.

From his head he had plucked a wreath of roses and thrown it on the ground.

The scroll that Cæsar held in his hand was the history of the expedition of Alexander; and now, once more, he read, and read on—the wonderful marches, the perils encountered, hardships endured. The pictures changed

from the Danube to Cheronæa, from Tarsus to Issus, to Egypt, to Kabul. His mind traversed the record of difficulties and reverses, of terrible thirst in Egypt, of cold and famine in Afghanistan, of mutiny, of murder, of disaster, yet withal of triumph. And in the great panorama of the long line of the march Cheronæa, Tarsus, Issus and Arbela stood out like so many mighty jewels, flaming with all the magnificence of battle and the glow of immortal victory. And there arose within Cæsar's mind sudden impulsive stirrings, and his body became agitated as with a fever of physical discomfort. Strange clouds of pain swept through him—pain, were it not that all meaner feelings seemed submerged in sudden floods of energy and strength.

Again Cæsar read—he read with a sense of wonder at his own emotions. Even the tales of physical daring, the personal prowess of arms, even the very words ἀρετή and ἀνδρεία, filled him with never hitherto known raptures.

It seemed as if he, Cæsar, he whose lightness of address, he whose insufficiency of life had sprung from his very superiority, he who had never known the granite within himself, it seemed as if he now were but the mere instrument, the resounding lute, struck by a high mysterious hand, that made deep music of the passions of his soul.

Cæsar was filled with astonishment. It gave him strength to read of difficulties, of privations, of fatigues, of hunger and thirst, and again of despondencies and disasters, the relaxations of the will; and the stern features became bound more tensely and the light of the eye deepened. Truly, truly, this was all natural to himself, to Cæsar. His nature had been overlaid, his power had been broken up and frittered; but now these thoughts had pierced to the very soil of his nature, and the great desires that had stirred his earliest childhood were appealing to the dissolute world-worn man.

Sadness fell upon Cæsar, and, subdued

and patient, he read on, rejoicing in the triumphs of the Hero, yet with a half unwilling approbation, a sort of secret resistance wherein was nothing of envy —saved from that, indeed, by the prestige of his mind. And then, finally, he read of the despotic power, the human frailties growing when at length endeavour and upward striving had ceased: Alexander in his cups, Alexander in his arrogance and rage, the contempt of Aristotle, the murder of Harmodius, the last wild debauch, the death; and then, rising above all, the requiem, the celebration, the Hero complete, the career brought to fulfilment. . . . Fulfilled! Fulfilled!!

The record of the brief years passed in their magnificent spectacle before the mind's eye of Cæsar, the hurried events, the days, the months, the years crowded with heroic feats; and then the swift death. And intermingled with all this, unceasingly breaking in, was the record of his own life, the irregular strivings, the purposings that brought no

continuous course, the wild transports of passions, the wasting, weary, naught-bringing triumphs of pleasure; and subtly interwoven with all, his aspirations, the fierce ambitions that touched him now like the edge of a sword.

And sitting there in the shadowed nook in the corner of the balcony the chillier wind that had sprung up seemed to drive the last flush of colour from his lips. He sat immovable and, but for the fluttering of the toga, he might have seemed carved in marble. Slowly the tears welled up in Cæsar's eyes, and down the cheeks they trickled one by one, and he still gazed fixedly and steadfastly to where the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. Then, opening the scroll which he had retained in his hand, he raised it to his lips and pressed on the vellum a fervent kiss, and with a sudden hot impulse cast himself forward upon the cold stones of the floor and yielded himself to a passion of tears. . . .

Cæsar rose. His features were softer

and more gentle, but they retained their air of marble setting. The eye was not less brilliant, though it had lost its fiery glints. His bearing as he paced twice or thrice the length of the portico had lost its agitation, but not at all its consciousness of pride. He marched into an inner room, richly but simply furnished, dimly lighted by a lamp, and in passing caught sight of the reflection of his own countenance in a small mirror of polished silver; and almost before the recognition of the face came the involuntary impulse of admiration—Beauty and Strength! Beauty and Strength!

Into an inner apartment without ceremony he entered—the chamber of Faustine. Her toilet had just been completed. Had she been expecting the entrance of Cæsar? The Ethiopian woman arranging the last tresses of her hair departed at a sign, and Faustine herself with deft hands knotted the crimson band.

Her costume was Greek, a simple

peplos with an outer tunic. The shoulder knot that held the flowing draperies together was of burnished gold, and the glint from the mirror seemed to break upon it and to be shattered into a thousand beams, shedding soft rays upon her shoulder and neck. Cæsar smiled as he took the beautiful hands outstretched to him. He smiled as he looked into that face of perfect contour, at the pearly gleaming of the teeth beneath the full and ruddy lips, at the ivory forehead and the wealth of soft and lustrous hair that waved its aromatic odours on the air.

He smiled as he looked into the eyes that looked at him beneath the long silken lashes. And as he gazed and smiled Faustine became alarmed beneath that look so calm and gentle. Her delicious air of ease had given way to agitation, her breast rose and sank, a hot wave passed through her, felt even to the ardent finger-tips that held the cold hands of Cæsar and seemed impetuously to urge their warmth within

them. Her face was overspread with a hot even glow, her breath came confusedly, her eyes seemed as though faintly to recede and to lurk and look at him in their beseeching gaze, and tears were breaking there.

The faint smile of Cæsar had passed away, and his face became impassive, marble in its contour and the calmness of its gaze. And Faustine too became pale—the flush fled from her cheeks, and the light from her eyes, and even the sculptured form seemed to shrink and recoil inwardly as though a violent blow had struck her on the breast. Cæsar's fingers held her with a tight clasp. And a strange fear had come upon her that this was his farewell. With a sudden ecstasy she flung herself at his feet, and weeping violently, beseechingly, covered his feet with her kisses.

Cæsar raised her gently but firmly. His fingers though still cold had within them a power stronger and greater than she had known before. He kissed her,

and while her lips seemed to ring like iron, he threw off her clasping arms and left the room. And soon mounting his horse he rode swiftly away, and Faustine stood looking at him as he went, and remained looking outwards to where he had gone, long, long after he had vanished. For she knew that Cæsar was her life and soul, and she dreamed of his greatness and rejoiced therein the more, because that victory had left in her breast the pain that heals—never.

BUONAPARTE

BUONAPARTE

The hilarious laughter and shouts around the camp fires had long been stilled, even the last desultory hum of conversation had been extinguished in the silence of the beautiful Italian night, and nothing could now be heard except a certain stir and bustle in the tents of the chief officers, and the regular tread of the sentinels, and the faint murmuring sound like that of the distant sea, arising from a host wrapped in slumber. And whether in the picturesqueness of the whole scene, the watch fires and the dark masses of the sleeping soldiers, or in the vague but deep feeling of the mighty energy now in repose, or possibly from random words half understood, a sense of the heroic, an atmosphere as of the valour of antique days seemed to breathe within the contemplation of that deep bivouac. But herein no mystery

held sway. Lodi had been fought and won!

It was two o'clock in the morning, but Napoleon Buonaparte was still seated at his table in the tent looking out into the beautiful Italian sky, and dreaming. The table at which he was sitting was covered with a large map, and another had fallen to his feet, for he was undoubtedly dreaming, though with an air of being perfectly awake.

Had an eye looked in but a few minutes before, however, it might have beheld Buonaparte studding the map on the table with pins, which he seemed to be moving about with as much deliberation and absorption as if he were playing a game of chess by himself. Possibly his motive may have been a more serious one, and although the diversion had apparently satisfied him, he had gradually fallen into a state of profound contemplation, and the nervous hitchings of his body had been stilled, and he had remained in an attitude, statuesque if only in its immobility. His arms were

folded on his breast, his head bent forward, his eyes half closed, his feet crossed. But now at this moment his head was raised, his figure in an attitude of attention, his eyes wide open and fixed as in a hypnotic trance upon a bright star of the firmament. Curious and striking were both figure and countenance.

Buonaparte was short of figure, though in sitting attitude this was perhaps less noticeable, for the shortness was mainly in the legs. He was thin and slight, and the simple uniform fitting closely to the narrow frame and bound round the waist with an ample sash and falling in tails behind gave him an appearance, picturesque doubtless, but also undeniably droll. In the cincture were stuck two pistols. The coat was buttoned up to the thin neck, and beneath it round the neck was a broad black scarf. The narrow shoulders were somewhat bent. Yet, slight and thin as was the figure of this man, it would not strike one, even at first glance, as being deficient in

energy and vigour. It did not impose its presence, but it gave an impression at once of endurance and activity.

The feet and hands were small and finely shaped. The long hair fell upon the shoulders behind, and in front it was cut off at the forehead in a sort of straight fringe—a coiffure simple and careless, but not without a certain air even of affectation and by no means of indifference to effect. The complexion was sallow, darkened, made in fact almost swarthy, by exposure and other causes not so healthy. The face was thin, eager, passionate, but deep in its regard. The whole cast of the features was remarkable—a firm resolute mask as of a man who had passed through fire and water, forming an admirable setting to the features almost feminine in the delicacy of the lines and their sensitiveness to shades of emotion. The countenance was that of a hero. The long-drawn patient cheek was matched by the fire and eagle-like regard of the eye. The mouth was exquisite in the carving

of the lips, but the chin and jaw were boldly formed and powerful. The forehead was high and broad, impressed already with a certain stamp of power, an Imperial air; and the setting of the eyebrows, and the lines of junction of the forehead with the nose, the aspect towards which the glance is directed in looking up to the eyes, were hardly less perfect, and more complete in intellectual force, than in the finest of Greek or Roman heads.

Buonaparte was dreaming, but with every sense awake. His contemplation had been carried back even to his childhood days in Corsica. He had recalled the old house and all his surroundings in that dear old Ajaccio, which belonged as though to another world. Then slowly and wistfully passing from each particular scene that he had loved to linger on in the sunny island home of his people, he saw himself, the keen-eyed, eager, stubborn little stranger in the French school of Brienne. Yet withal he had been happy there, for his dis-

position had been loving, and there had been incidents in his life even joyous, like beautiful gleams of sunshine breaking through the clouds of those darker periods, felt even then, of deep and sombre meditations. Still he had been happy—happy in his friends, among his comrades, happy in the long silent hours of his planning and dreaming.

Then slowly arose the days of his Bohemian life in Paris with the trusty Bourrienne—Buonaparte, eager, energetic, resolute, but depressed by the utter dreariness of all outlook, famished by the lack of nutriment to his soul. Those days were terrible enough, were it not for his hardy youth and his grim half-humorous toughness of resistance. Still they were the days when he had envied even the cab-drivers, the days of gloomy and bitter thoughts, violent protests, and a restlessness that no pleasure, not even such as he could dream of, might assuage. He had seen the king insulted by the mob, and he had despised the king and despised the mob, and reflected

subsequently that modern kings had lost the stuff of Plutarch's men. Great men were not abundant.

Then at last he had come to Toulon. He had used his brains there, and brains were sadly needed. Toulon had been a rare good thing. Then had followed Nice and the imprisonment at Antibes that might have ended with the scaffold. For the times were perilous, and it was not well to be mixed up with the Robespierres, when they had fallen. They were fanatics after all. How scarce men were! Then Vendémiaire passed through his mind, the day that he had poured grapeshot and cannon-balls upon the citizens, those citizens whom he could so well have led to victory, had he but the command in his grasp. But desperate ills need desperate remedies, and Barras the profligate, and the mediocrities of the Convention, represented at least the Government of France. Men were getting scarcer!

But a tender beam once more passed through his mind at the thought of

his accomplished Josephine. His eye softened and glowed; the light of the eye was swallowed up in its strange lustre. He smiled as he thought of Josephine, a smile of complacency, of triumph, of tender and deep affection. The little Corsican had gone far that time! He had swept Josephine away with his boasting. That sword of his had cut her doubts as Alexander cut the Gordian knot. Yes, he was as married as ever was Julius Cæsar. He smiled. He was Josephine's Cæsar, her Cid, her Achilles! Be it so. The days were yet before him.

And then his appointment to the army of Italy. That was glorious. His encounter with Augereau, Rampon and Masséna—he had them in hand! And the victories of Montenotte, Millesimo. They were matters of business. But Lodi! Lodi! There was music in the name, and it was that music that had awaked his soul. He had never known himself till now! Never had he been conscious of his destiny, never until now! True, success had attended him. With

many discomfitures, rapid and brilliant success, and he had accepted that as natural. He smiled as he thought of his success with Dugommier, the promptness, the energy, the intelligence and the sweet, winning, graceful deference by which he had gained over the old lion. And he smiled scornfully as he thought of his success with the cynical though still young debauchee, Barras—a man with no soul for the destiny that lay within his grasp! The little Corsican who would not stand upon ceremony had more in him than to be the tool of a profligate, a knave.

The rough and dauntless Augereau had swaggered into the tent of his chief cursing under his breath, and despising the street-fighter, the protégé of Barras! and he had met the sudden steely gleam of that eye, which darted a glance to the bottom of his soul, and sent an unexpected thrill of terror there. And Rampon had beheld the grave though fiery look of command, and had departed astonished, ruminating not a little.

And Masséna, the hero of many stubborn fights, himself a man of eagle eye, of adamantine heart, had been content in a good-humoured way of discipline, recognising, as a father might in a brilliant son, a certain indefinable superiority in the austere thoughtful little figure of the Corsican who had given him orders and dismissed him.

He had vindicated the Republic. His life was charmed. He had known he could not die in that wonderful dash across the bridge amid the fiery hail of bullets. And as Buonaparte dreamt now, with senses all awake, Lodi, Lodi, Lodi kept sounding like a fine bell in his brain, and the soft narcotic fumes of his trance were like the incense of the gods. And his soul had been transported to regions where Barras was forgotten, where Augereau was a vulgar depredator, Masséna a trusty henchman, and even brilliant Josephine little more than a handmaiden. Even Lodi, that Lodi that had awaked his soul, was afar off, and the tolling bell was rather felt than

heard in the confused murmur of a mightier world.

And that was Europe! He had waved the tattered banner of the young Republic over Europe! Europe! There was allurement in the sound, there was a divine madness in the thought, there were wings within that dream. Europe! Europe did not suffice. He suffocated in Europe. What was Europe to Alexander's empire—a rookery! His breath panted with the terrible thoughts that made inrush on his mind, and his desires seemed to cut and burn upon his living flesh. Europe—Europe, Asia! the vast, the incommensurable, the Paradise, the Desert! There was his destiny. His very name had signified as much, and pointed out the way, how marvellously. Napoléon! Napo-leone. That name had for signification Lion of the Desert! It had been predicted, and destiny, let fools laugh as they may, guided the affairs of men and left them not without intimations. Lion of the Desert! Lion of the Desert!

Napoléon! Napoléon! Had he not sworn that a little Corsican should yet be king of Jerusalem! Even in those days when he had envied the drivers of cabriolets. . . . But the Desert! . . . His call was to Egypt, then. Thither he would go. There he would found an Empire, there he would found a religion, there he would found a civilisation, greater, vaster, more complex, higher than all the world had known before! There an innumerable people, a people of pristine vigour and limitless aspirings would be his, the irresistible hordes, as of Alaric, Attila, Tamerlane, Mahomet! He would traverse the route of Alexander, the regions would bloom like a garden where his foot had trod, he would return through Syria, enter at Constantinople; Europe would be at his feet, the Republic Universal! Yes, that was his destiny. And as he gazed upon that bright particular star, mighty panoramas of boundless extent and diversity arose in his capacious mind, not in vague uncertain shapes, but firm and hard and

strong and penetrated with energetic thoughts, almost as though bodied forth to the visual sense, in their grandeur, solidity, their impressive aspect of the real; they passed, succeeded by others, conquest to conquest.

Yes, he was a lion! Napoléon! And these Frenchmen, after all, how brave they were, what brilliant fellows! Lodi was worthy of Cæsar! And he pictured himself, half amused, the Little Corporal, the Leader of Men, the head and front, the very point of battle, but with a higher power than this, almost feminine in its subtle spirit, the skill not to lead but to be carried, borne along, the oriflamme, the figure-head, the hero, the genius of the soldiery! *Le petit Caporal!* So they had saluted him at Lodi!

And as he gazed still up at the sky Murat approached.

"Murat," said Buonaparte, pointing impressively, "do you see that star?"

"Yes," said Murat indifferently. One

star was pretty much the same as another to Murat.

"Ha! well," returned Buonaparte, "there is work to be done to-morrow. I will get to sleep. Should anything arise, wake me."

DEMOSTHENES

DEMOSTHENES

Demosthenes had ceased to listen. The pictures of an old recollection had struck upon his mind and carried him away in a curious and half-wistful contemplation, far from the present scene in which he himself was the cynosure of every eye. It was his own impeachment. Yet he had smiled. It was a matter of life and death between himself and Æschines, and his rival was straining every nerve to drive home his damning charge.

The words of Æschines were falling on the Assembly with their regular rhythmic flow—impressing his hearers by their boldness and their force, enchanting them by the mastery of all the weapons of the orator's art. The speaker himself was a man born to command: his voice was rich, deep, but flexible; and as he spoke his lips seemed to mould

the words as they were thrown off into a clear and chiselled perfectness. The speech moved steadily but irresistibly as a Macedonian phalanx. Nor were the auditors at all sluggish in their response — cheering him, urging him on, appreciating his skill, rising into ecstasies with every sharp thrust of his attack. In listening, too, they had an ample sense of confidence; no apprehension lest he might miss the note, lest he overbalance, hesitate. Every word dropped into its appointed place, every sentence swelled out rounded and complete, and the sentences flowed on to swelling periods, and the theme progressed step by step in argument.

The gestures of Æschines' hands, the motions of his body, were as well adapted to the words as if prepared by constant study, and yet so natural as to seem but the free spontaneous impulses. And the great oration rolled along, gathering force and volume, swelling to a mighty roar of battle, onset, struggle, and then at length the final charge, the last vic-

torious words. Then the pause, and the applause rolled forth and re-echoed from ten thousand throats. . . .

And yet Demosthenes had smiled while Æschines was speaking, lulled even for a moment by the charm and regular cadence of the words. He smiled gravely as at some grief long vanished. The picture had risen to his mind of a scene that in the main characteristics at least was as vivid as that which was passing before his eyes; for his eyes were half closed and filled with his dream. A famous orator had spoken, almost as eloquently, indeed, as this Æschines of theirs, and when at length he had ceased the applause seemed to break upon the throne where he sat like the waves on the seashore. The orator was a god amongst men.

Then there had arisen one whose appearance had caused the crowd to shout in derision—a tall, thin, nervous youth, with weak eyes, unmanly carriage and agitated and overstrained gestures. He was a pitiful sight standing there in

distress, but as the audience laughed the touch of piquancy was given to it all by the heroism with which the young man screwed himself up to the effort. Shouted down he tried again to make himself heard, and suddenly the whole assembly was still for a moment, curious to know the purport of what this strange being was trying to say. He stammered, he lisped, he forced his voice ; it became husky, and broke off into irregular quavers and shrieks. The cries of ridicule gave way to roars of inextinguishable laughter, and the young orator stood there trembling and swaying like a sapling shaken and torn by the wind. His face had turned deadly white, his features twitched with emotion, his eyes were half blinded, he staggered back, made his escape, then rushed away madly to the seashore, and threw himself down on the sand and wept.

That orator was called Demosthenes.

And now, sitting listening to Æschines, he remembered that day—the taunts that cut into his flesh, the hideous

ridicule, the hurrying away, the throwing himself down by the seashore and sobbing out hot tears till fatigue itself had worn out his grief. And through it all, even then, he knew he was an orator, even then—if he could but seize the magnificent thoughts that passed through his brain, and throw them out in their vivid colours, and electrify his hearers by the force of emotion that throbbed in his heart.

And in listening to Æschines there was gradually mounting up into his mind something of the old nervousness, a troublous sort of agitation, a sense of strain and bewilderment that was the prelude always to the massing up of his powers. . . .

Demosthenes was awaited to speak. The expectancy of the audience was all agog. They watched his every movement. There was a peculiar interest in everything that he did; but that arose apparently not from any desire on his part. He was self-contained, independent and natural; and therein appeared

to be his whole originality. He advanced modestly, deprecatingly; then suddenly and almost unconsciously, with a sweeping magnificent gesture, he swung himself erect, as if to engage their attention. He spoke.

His voice opened out almost quietly, but clearly. He brought their minds down at once to a feeling familiar and easy. It was as though his words had dissipated the obscurity and distance between them, and touched them so directly that he seemed to invite them to follow out the working of his thoughts. There was a peculiar quality in the voice, no thrill or vibration, but some magic of simplicity and sincerity that found its way to their hearts before they had time either to will it or oppose it. There was something in the words that went at once to some deeper, rarely troubled feelings of the mind, something that caused the sharp stirring of the nerves, the flush of the cheeks, the glow of the eye, and the surprise of beautiful thoughts. And the speech as it moved

along continued to give the impression of the same power of simple directness—not highly wrought like that of Æschines, not dropping word by word, with regular cadences, sentence flowing on sentence. With less apparent effort, with a seeming disregard of art, Demosthenes spoke naturally, familiarly, yet touching on the very nerve of things, striking to the depths of truth, and not of words only, but meaning and feeling.

The words were ideas—a word was often a picture; a sentence opened up a glimpse of infinite thought; the mind was stimulated in its associations, and the speech moved not upon a single thread of discourse, but as one who walking along the open road sees at every turn new paths, endless vistas in the landscape and broad expanses stretching to the view. And so the theme was carried on. The stately rhythm was absent, but a subtler rhythm was making its chiming felt, and strains of harp-like music burst forth now and then a moment on the air. The words

moved happily, but they were more than words; they palpitated and breathed and flashed their image on the mind.

And the music grew and swelled and rose and varied its ever-changing mood. He spoke of love of country and the ideals of their native land, and lo! suddenly above their eyes was lifted a quick vision of the things that make the contemplation dumb.

He spoke of Marathon, of Platæa, of Salamis. They became real; patriotism was not a principle, but an instinct—a passion. Hope, fear, joy, enthusiasm; he knew all feeling and every mood. He played on his audience as if upon a mighty stringed instrument. And the sweep of the lyre he knew in every stroke and catch. He awoke their half-forgotten tunes again, and every vague and underlying hope.

He spoke of the great heroes who had fought for their country—their glories were ringing and singing in their ears. He spoke of the ardent struggles in

which death itself was glorious gain. The words throbbed; the quick, repeated pulse of effort came and went. It was like the galloping of a horse, as the discourse moved on, rapid, irresistible; and above sat the rider, graceful, secure, with eyes flashing, hair floating, and cloak fluttering in changing folds outblown to the wind.

And now he turned to his antagonist. He poured scorn upon Æschines. His gesture swept downwards, and there, immeasurably beneath them, Æschines and his friends were seen writhing, a vile, wretched crew, struggling in the depths of a political hell. He withered him; he blew him out of sight in a torrent of laughter.

But the wand was waved again. He brought his audience willingly with him. He carried them on. They felt with him, thought with him, struggled with him, soared with him. They shared his difficulties, they partook of his spirit, his aspirations, his hopes and his powers. The words were but the symbols, the

sign-posts, the meagre part merely of this matchless discourse. Fervour and vision were there. The thoughts and feelings and passions rang out chiming together, striking the note; genius itself pervaded the assembly, becoming infectious, and the orator proceeded not alone on his way, but accompanied now to the end in a magnificent triumph of which the whole vast assemblage made part.

DANTON

DANTON

The Revolution had rolled on. The old regime with its secular glories had perished in its corruption; a new race of men had sprung to the fore. The ideas of the Revolution were abroad; they had inflamed the world with the glorious fires of their hopes. In the whirlwind and storm that had shaken France to its centre strong souls only could stand before the eyes of men; but as at a magic touch the prodigious force of aspiration which had produced the Revolution had inspired with its breath great poets, great thinkers, great statesmen, great soldiers. The Republic had been established; the Republic was equipped. Then there had come the pause, the reaction. The affrighted powers had banded against the dangers that threatened them; the old tyrannies

had taken counsel, and the word had gone forth that at all costs the fires that had sprung up in France must be quenched, quenched in blood, lest the generous flame should enkindle all that was noble and great in the lands where the old order still held sway.

And with combination had come confidence, and with the sense of power had arisen the menace of fierce revenge. The Republic was threatened in its life and soul. A crisis was arising.

Then the style of the former dispensation took possession of the breast of the Frenchman. The immense burst of passion that had made the Revolution possible had been succeeded by a sense of doubt, a hesitancy as to the way to strike out, a recoil. It is the universal law of life, the undulations of the emotional world, as of all the world, which make the eternal harmony.

In the Frenchman, impulsive, vibrating, quick to respond to generous impulses, there is impressed by the

centuries of statecraft, of politics, of the necessities of compromise and of repression a deep sense of caution, of circumspect dealing, of suspicion, of distrust; and the reaction from the audacity of great thoughts and great deeds is not unapt to find itself in recreant palterings, in the abjectness of self-imposed defeat. For a space of time these ideas had gained upon the National Assembly.

Brunswick with his army was at Verdun, and already the menaces of the vengeance to be executed in Paris had thrilled the soul of the people. Internal divisions hardly less formidable than the advancing host of the enemy were threatening to rend the Republic in twain. The Commune and the National Assembly struggled in rivalry for power. The prevailing uneasiness had found expression in the resolution demanding the heads of Roland, Brissot and other suspects.

It was the 2nd September 1792. The Commune had sent a deputation

to the Assembly to say that the tocsin was about to sound to summon the people to the Champs de Mars. The Assembly was agitated. A man arose. He was still young, he had not completed his thirty-third year, but on his rough and passion-worn face the toils of state, the cares of large events, had left their lines, nor were wanting the marks less illustrious of passions, privations, excesses—the mask of a man who had lived in indulgence and had been lifted to the noblest efforts and inspired with the capabilities of fierce renunciations. He was still young in his elemental force, he was sufficiently old in all the sense of command—authority.

His figure was tall, broad, rough-hewn, powerful and heavy rather than well-formed or well-trained. His clothes, his heavy boots, stamped him as a bold and picturesque image. The theatre is never far absent from the Frenchman's thoughts, and Danton posed—the booted Man of the People.

A movement of profound attention seized the Assembly ; a silence succeeded to the former febrile disorder. Danton had been a very child of the Revolution, a man who in peaceful times had never achieved distinction, but who in the moment of tumult, in the fiery ordeals that try men's souls had advanced with giant strides to the forefront, and had won the admiration of all. He was a tower of strength ; his frown meant ruin ; the smile of the broad and beaming countenance reassured the hearts of the people.

Educated irregularly, endowed with no subtlety of intelligence, no superior skill, Danton saw just. The times demanded a pioneer, and he had come roughly to cast order into the disturbed household of France. He followed the bold lines of true statesmanship ; he could conceive great projects, and execute them without misgiving.

Danton spoke. The words rolled out with a deep and powerful intonation. The gestures were bold but at first re-

strained; the restraint of a man to whom impetuosity is the movement most natural. The shaggy locks were thrown back, the rough, common, homely countenance acquired a fineness of its own, the expression of manly power not unmixed with suavity, and beneath the beetling brows the eyes flashed forth, blazing like burning coals. The audience felt his influence. His oration rolled out in words of emotion that swayed the assembly to their mood.

Danton faced the danger. He was the representative of the people; he was the incarnation of the Revolution. He looked the danger in the face, but with eyes now terrible. A mighty struggle for the young Republic! Yes. A struggle that will wring its heart's fibres in the throes of bloody battles and fierce domestic trials, yes, but victory! What is the life of a man, what is the life of a generation, if only in the end the Republic wins! And in that hour Danton had given his own life to the Republic, had felt the strong

bracing of the hero's soul, the fierce joy of the martyr's pain. The lives, the hopes, the aspirations, the souls of that generation should be thrown into the great furnace of nature, that the flame should rise to God with the incense of a people, of a nation, the deep vows of that greatest of new births, the Republic.

And Danton had no fear; and fear had vanished from the Assembly. He saw battle, but he saw with the eye of prophecy, and he saw victory.

The tocsin which will sound, he cried, is not a signal of alarm, but sounds the charge upon the ranks of the foe. To conquer them, *il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!* And as the words vibrated in his organ-like voice, Danton's colossal figure seemed to grow in size; his attitude was that of a Greek hero of old in the midst of tumult, of Ajax, Achilles; he raised his brawny fist; his fiery eye beheld the rout of the legions of Europe. Danton figured in his noble form the

spirit of the Republic; his gesture was daring, a summoning appeal to the courage of France like a bayonet thrust to a tyrant's heart.

ZENO

ZENO

Zeno gazed at his broken finger. The sense of pain which he resisted and mastered was but submerged in the thoughts that suddenly had surged and billowed in his mind. Death! It had come to that at last. Death! The goal, the test, the arbiter! Not the triumph, not the reward, but something more than the end. Yes, he could die. Zeno's hour had come; and in that hour when the shadows were gathering over him, shadows soon to be merged into the never-penetrated darkness of death, Zeno felt a fierce and poignant joy born in his soul. He had resisted. He had carried the fight to the end. He had vindicated his philosophy. His life was his great discourse; and now, he could die.

A feeling of rare serenity flowed in upon the mind of the philosopher. Soon he was to die. He could now think in

peace, think without stress, consider his life. Aye. A philosophy is not a mere thing of argument, of dialectics, of the conning of the mental puzzles of the sophist. It is the imprint of the soul within the man. It is born with his birth, and grows and develops with his growth.

Zeno traced with deep earnestness his earliest recollections ; he lingered a few moments on the scenes of his childhood in the sunny isle of the Levant, and the philosopher's heart was moved with an infinite tenderness that had in it no strain of frailty. He pictured his parents, his father, the man of integrity, the peasant who appeals to the earth and is answered in kind, and accepts of its fruit in simple reverence in which is mingled a sense of awe and a sense of joy ; and Zeno recalled his mother, and a tone of deep affection struck through his mind. His youth had been pensive. Thoughts of death had been more frequent in his mind than at any period during his long life, until now,

now when death was inevitable and accepted. That period of youth had been the period of the shaping of his life's purpose. The delicacy of his health had turned his mind to pensive thoughts, solitary musings, mystic, strange, wherein he had but one guide, the lamp of truth lighting his way at each turn, sufficient for the guidance of his progressive steps; he followed not knowing whither he was being led, but content, nay, determined to pursue his journey did it lead to his perdition, to the ruin of his life, to the shattering of his mind. No! That was impossible, for the lamp was Truth, and Truth, is it not our only guide, the one thing irrefragable as the universe that contains us? And Zeno followed Truth.

Nothing of weakness was there in the speculations of the pensive youth; nothing of weakness, even though his very fibres were strung with pity for suffering, with kindness towards all sentient things, with a sense of the fellowship of man that lay as a duty on his soul.

Suffering, then, was the enemy! But Zeno did not avoid that contemplation. He scorned compensation, scorned the philosophy of pleasure. Suffering must be met, annihilated, even by building up in the soul the strength to resist. And Zeno recollected how in the beginnings of his theories his mind was moved by the chance reading of a book of philosophy. And the words that others read, and understood, and passed by, smote him with a sense of wonder, smote him with the marvellous discovery of the power of his own intellect and his own fortitude. For he read, and he understood; but he did not pass by; he understood, yet he found in the words of that philosophy further meanings, intimations of newer meanings, adumbrations of meanings yet undiscovered that could lead him to the beginning and to the end of all things. And Zeno had risen and he had said: "Where are there living now men who write these words and think these thoughts? Tell me, for henceforth I will seek them out,

and learn their knowledge, and all other things shall be idleness unto me compared to this one great thing. I am resolved."

And he had travelled, and he had made acquaintance with philosophers, and he had listened to their discourses, and he had known them. And yet he was not satisfied. He had learned much; he had converted the vague images in his mind into clearer ideas; he had seen more clearly the relations between things that were forming the woof of his philosophy, and the dim but vast emotion was hardening into intellect and will.

Will! Yes. Therein was that which distinguished him from the philosophers he had known. Where difficulties had daunted them, Zeno was spurred on. Where the pressure of dangerous thoughts made in others the strain too great, Zeno braced his mind. He knew the weak feelings; terror, cowardice, all the incitements to pleasure; but they were swept along as captives in the mighty current of his mind, and gave to his towering pride the

sting and joy of conscious life. Yes. Pride! Pride was the great masculine quality; the fundamental thing about which the joys, the desires, the shapings of all purposes, should be built. Pride was the kernel of the one true philosophy. Pride was the very fire of the philosophy of a man. And Zeno had been faithful to his philosophy.

And now he must die. He must die because his life's work was done; the machine had run its course; that broken finger was the signal. Henceforth life would be on the downward grade; the retracting of every step of triumph he had taken; the degradation. This, unless he had the will to die. He saluted Death. A fierce and almost uncontrollable joy swept through his very fibres; his whole being shook with the intensity of his emotions; he almost feared himself. Yet shining in the pure ether above the emotional flood pride was still clear and constant. Oh! what prodigious depth and strength possess the joys of the Stoic!

He pitied the philosophers of pleasure, not now in scorn; for he saw that pleasure was a guide, that serene joy was the highest mood. He saw that the soul of the great poet and the spirit of the Stoic joined communion in the upper ether, joined hands in the sense that the philosophy of the Stoic was right, that the greatest of all joys was that of the stern philosopher, such as those that now assured him of his arriving triumphant at the goal.

Zeno began calmly, patiently, reverently the few preparations necessary to take away his own life. Death! And what beyond? He knew not, but he had faced greater terrors than death; the terrors of finding the Unknown and the Incommunicable. Death was the portal. Assuredly a new life loomed beyond. Assuredly it was from that veiled existence that had come to him the spark of the fire such as Prometheus had stolen, that had vivified and preserved his mortal life.

The greatest joy was his; the greatest

feat, the greatest effort was now to be his. He would enter, in a few moments, a few pulse-beats, the new demesne; but it behoved him for himself, for his philosophy, nay, for the reverence with which he looked upwards and beyond to beings who dwelt therein—to the One in whom all was merged—it behoved him to enter the new life as a Man.

SAINT JUST

SAINT JUST

The heavy tumbril moved along the cobbled road of the rue St. Honoré. Robespierre, wounded, dying, racked with pain, lay on the rough floor of the jolting car. His agony, his defeat, his approaching death had brought to the front the best character of the man. Robespierre awaited death with courage, resolved to pay the last tribute to his faith, unregretting, unflinching and true.

Saint Just stood erect. The youthful Stoic was supreme. His noble regard surveyed the mob, the streets, his companions, his executioners, and in his eye shone the light too high for scorn, sincere beyond the strivings of pride. Saint Just was soon to die. Calmly he thought of his life, his work, his purpose, his hopes. He reviewed his tempestuous youth when like a barque

abandoned without a helm he had swept hither and thither, careering and tossing to the wild vent of passions. Even then he was rather as one who sought the way, as one who in his madness beats against the bars of his prison, struggles to extend its bounds, strives for the light of a fairer day. The love of woman had caught him, caught him in its deep and sensual aspects. He mused for a moment on his volume of poems, poems that burned with a flame, ardent if not purified, fierce and energetic, licentious, defiant, steeped to the soul in the atmosphere of sense.

Then the signal of the Revolution had come to him. The signal had struck upon a mind prepared. Saint Just had heard the call. It had struck through him that electric thrill that had stiffened the sinews of his soul to iron, that had made a man of him, that had endowed him with a creed, with more than hope —with purpose; from the Stoic soul of the young man there had arisen a strange, spiritual, vague, but tremendous

chant of prayer and praise. He had been chosen. He would do the work.

And when Saint Just thought of his career in Paris, the impress his character had made upon his friends, his rapid success, his rise to power, the stern just manner in which he had wielded his power, to the good of France, to the prospering of the Revolution, to the glory of his Republican ideals, he was pleased. He had never faltered, never looked aside. Gradually, indeed, he had seen the weaknesses, the shortcomings, the manifold errors of his companions, even of those whom he had venerated, even of Robespierre. Yes, truly he had seen his limitations, his too rigid adherence to an imperfect formula. Yet Saint Just had been loyal, loyal to the duty imposed on him. He saw the future not clearly, but he saw the way, and he was content. Baffled, delayed, reversed, and thwarted, the Republic would advance, the Republic would never die. That was enough.

Then on that morning the dismal

tragi-comedy that had struck down high resolves! He thought without terror, without horror, even without contempt, of the mob at the Hotel de Ville, their violent irruption into the Council Chamber, the shooting of Robespierre, the frenzy of the blinded populace. Yes, even that may have carried the germ of future good. What though the actors disappeared, the work would continue. The Republic had been born; it had been born immortal.

A vague sentiment had swept through the mind of Saint Just. Had he lived he could have curbed Robespierre, he could have seized the rudder and with firm and vigorous power have saved the vessel from the rocks, have realised the gorgeous visions of his dreams, the adornment in its full glory of that Republic of which he and his comrades were witnessing but the crude beginning.

But so be it. Robespierre's hour had come. Saint Just preferred to die. He would die the comrade of the man who had called him to help the Revolution;

who had placed him in the post where he had worked for the Republic. He would die so that by his death he would consecrate that work, and set his name for ever among the great ones of the world.

As Saint Just gazed for the last time on the streets, the houses, the mob, a great joy filled his soul. He was exalted. He rejoiced that the martyr's death was near, rejoiced that he was to die so young, rejoiced that he had brought the ripe power of his strong manhood and his exuberant youth to that supreme sacrifice; and as his tameless eye gazed, like the eagle, upon the blue sky of heaven Saint Just cried within himself his last offering of praise and thanks. He had done the work. He had been true to his creed. His death was the last triumph, his fame would receive its sanctification when his head had rolled in the dust.

MNESARETE

MNESARETE

The centuries roll by. Peoples, nations, kingdoms, empires, pass away and leave scarce a trace behind; the objects that have agitated the minds of men to their foundations sink into oblivion; the ideals that have held generations in their sway fall like false shoots in the changes of the centuries. A mysterious current of unknown depth sweeps over our earth, carrying our human lives as part of its freight, and impressing on its character the changes that we vainly ascribe to the force of our volition. Yet the earth remains for ever young. The bold free earth laughs year by year in the renewal of her beauty, and the soft and tender blue skies smile at the strange warping of the thoughts of men that have made them turn from the delight of the natural, the good, the true, and find in joy some evil thing.

Yet Beauty, Youth and Love will perish never; Love, Beauty, Youth, immortal now as ever, will witch the sense and trance responsive hearts. . . .

The blue firmament shone over the sea that bathed the feet of Eleusis, and the blue wave reflected in its depths the cerulean hue of the soft and dreamy sky. The warm and perfumed breath of summer floated over the scene, and the earth was joyous with the large full sense of strength and perfect health of the choicest season of the year. It was the fête of Poseidon, and the city had poured forth to rejoice in the spectacle.

Mnesarete disported in the waves. She was the cynosure of every eye. It was but seldom she displayed her naked form, for, possibly to enhance the value of that indulgence, she was accustomed to wear a tunic while bathing in the sea. Far and wide her reputation was a proverb; the beauty of a perfect form rather than the more subtle attractions that a fine mind irradiates upon the

countenance. Her hair was fair, a tint of gold made lively by a fierier glint. Her features were well moulded, irregular, pleasant, her soft even complexion and the satin lustre of her skin had earned her the name of Phryne. She sported, laughing in her joy, floating lazily in the cool water, gazing up into the soft blue sky, luxuriously abandoning herself to the pleasure of that liquid couch that supported and refreshed her form in a soft voluptuousness stimulated with the sense of active, healthy life.

Mnesarete threw back her head upon the wave. She floated easily, her white neck and swelling gorge shone, kissed by the beams of the ardent sun. She approached the strand. She reached the shallow water. Faintly but with measured beat the pellucid waters broke on the beach in their last fine waves. She rose. It was the picture of Aphrodite; it was the incarnation of Aphrodite herself; the rare setting of that blue sea under the blue sky, the soft smiling

aspect of that land of the goddess quivering with life. And that form! The long fair hair, loose floating yet falling in a sweet disorder like the richest mantle on her shoulders, reaching to her waist, and, in fine strands, longer. The face smiling in its youthful comeliness, yet grave with its soft entrancing beauty; the eye that laughed with soft love-light, but entreated with unconscious spells of hardier power. The column of the neck, rounded and firm, though soft in contour, descending perfect to the foundations of the swelling feminine shoulders, the rising curves of the chest blooming in its ripeness like a flower; the rounded completion of the delicate breast firm in the height of beauty.

Phryne had remained kneeling, but less like one ensculptured in that pose than like a goddess springing to new-found life. That pose was destined to inspire Apelles -- Aphrodite incarnated, Anadyomene.

Phryne rose. She moved to the edge to which the farthest waves were thinly

spread ; at every pulse the waters kissed her feet. The form was complete in all its beauty. The myriad shapes that go to make the beauty of the human body had been won from nature through generations of sweet exercise and healthy life. In Mnesarete they were harmonised and softly blended so that the whole figure shone luminous, her charms were all shimmeringly dissolved in a lustrous winning grace. The inspiration had swept to the heart of Praxiteles. He saw his Aphrodite clear.

The woman smiled. She advanced. Her slave bore her garments. Mnesarete had broken the spell. Yet nothing is lost to this world. That moment was immortal. The sculptor had found the impression on his mind indelible. And as he stood there dreaming, the Aphrodite destined to shine the jewel of Cnidus had taken plastic form ; the work of art was half completed, for its inspiration had been made creative ; and from the mysterious woof of time he knew that he had snatched a moment to be embalmed

in the marble till the centuries should roll away.

Marvellous power of beauty! The frail unheeding woman had dowered the world with the treasure of an ever-during joy.

FRANK HEWITT

FRANK HEWITT

Play is the natural mode of health. It is the polish and sparkle of the powers of man at their height, as it is indeed the expression of all living things in the fullness of that life which is the contest against nature and the accomplishment of their destiny. But the playful kitten, delightful in every movement of its grace, becomes at length the grimalkin peevish and morose. The sportive boy, the fresh and winning girl, become too soon, in our civilisation, sunk in the coarse man of business, the plain and dull bourgeoise.

The Greeks, of all nations, retained the spirit of play throughout all the decades of their lives. It is that in part which gives a fascinating charm to their history, a captivating glory to their art. No manifestation of the Greek genius was more attractive than the institution of the Olympic Games; not

indeed as being a mere series of contests of athletic youths, but for the whole manner of its presentation—the scene embosomed under the blue sky and girt by the blue sea of Greece; the flower of the land, wisdom, nobility, beauty, gathered to that celebration which partook, in certain of its aspects and in its informing spirit, of a veritable religious ceremony; the splendid type of the free-born naked youths who struggled in the arena for the crown of wild olive, and enhanced the repute of their native towns.

But though Frank Hewitt knew little of these things, not Antipatros of Epeiros, nor Dandes the Argive, nor any one of the heroes of the classic games whose names shine in the scrolls of Pindar, ever exhibited to the world a union more perfect of manly strength, of the athlete's fire, with the quivering lines of grace. Hewitt, as he stood on the mark that 4th March 1870, on the track of the Melbourne Cricket Ground, side by side with his great rival, looked

almost delicate; for Harris was tall and strong, a runner depending on the sheer vigour of his bounding stride. But even the first glance brought no suggestion of any weakness in that fine and perfectly balanced form. Rather the immediate impression was that of buoyant strength, of vivacious inextinguishable energy, and the brilliant and dazzling appearance of a young god from Olympus.

Hewitt was something above the middle height, well developed, but in fine lines, light with the keen polish of the well-trained athlete, yet not suggesting spareness, rather with a rounded harmony of perfectly endowed muscular power that suggested a sylph-like grace. His hair was black, his features regular, the moustache giving an air of complete manhood, the eye shining with courage and hope. Hewitt, expecting the signal, stood with uplifted, almost horizontal arms, poised, quivering, rather like one arrested for a moment in rapid flight than a figure waiting to be aroused from immobility.

Around him swam the dim impression of the beautiful scene, the vast green sward, the warm, blue, smiling sky, the dense ring of the multitude of the spectators whose emotions were for the moment also held suspended, borne in waves to the two athletes prepared to run for the title of champion of the world. The sharp crack of the pistol startled the crowd, and the burst of speed of the two runners held them amazed. They had left the mark together, and locked together they sped swiftly to the tape that marked the limit of the race. The well-known bounding style of Harris had never been seen in such astonishing style; this was the stride that had launched him on to victory again and again and made famous rivals seem tame. Every muscle was strained, every effort put forth.

Beside him Hewitt ran easily. So smooth, so frictionless, so harmonious and regular was that dancing stride that it might appear to have required the tremendous speed of Harris to test its

pace and make its prowess felt. But no! the oldest pedestrians in the crowd had leapt to their feet amazed at that light fleeting stride, the free and rapid treading down the whirling hoop that seemed to spin and roll about his form. They strain, they leap, they fly. The post draws near. All are held breathless. Locked together they have swept along, the tape is broken, the race is past.

The runners have wheeled round. Panting with excitement, even though full of life, the strain of the contest wreathing his face into a smile, Hewitt hears the verdict. He has won. The prize is his, his the record never paralleled. Never before in the world's history had mortal man won immortal fame in time so short!

CARPEAUX

CARPEAUX

Carpeaux had given the last touch of his chisel to his group of the Dance. He stood aside to contemplate his work. He was pleased.

Then his eye returned to the separate figures. Every line and every changing curve had been to him an object of devoted care. He perused the figures, reading minutely every feature, his mind swimming in a wealth of rich association. How many beauties were there that would remain unperceived, that would be for ever known to him alone. The true artistic work reveals itself in the simplest strokes, the finest details. . . . The expression of the face was delicately traced and beautiful. A touch on the mouth, a slight insistence on the eyebrow, the curl of the hair; who would perceive all these things, who would ever scan them as they should be scanned,

lingering with affection on every perfect stroke?

Yet again these were but the rudiments of the artist's complete skill. Rarer still was the conception, the posing, the balance, the realising in the obdurate stone of the most subtle and dream-like vision of the artistic soul. Yet that too had been rendered with success. Nothing had been wanting, not even the severe and almost mechanical studies necessary to the grouping; he had disdained nothing of drudgery if only it lent itself to the enhancement of the finished work. Every figure in its endless details was perfect, the harmony of all was caught up in true inspiration; the posing was true; the grouping so natural and so fine that it seemed to rob the artist even of the merit of his effort. He had accomplished that miracle, to win from inanimate stone the perfect casting of a radiant group of goddesses, so lightsome in their airy dance, yet so perfect in their rounded figures, where pleasure swelled the

voluptuous curves and soft desires nipped in the lines, so solid, so enduring, yet so swaying with movement, so trancing with pure beauty, that a subtle charm of melody seemed to breathe out from that figment of a happy dream made real.

A quick and lively joy had swelled up in the sculptor's heart, intoxicating him. And then again had succeeded a sense of discouragement, as always when work is past and gone. The plaything, the darling, the idol of his thoughts would be removed from his caressing touch. And it would be the sport of careless men, of vulgar profane glances, even the butt of calumny and hate. Strange! Yet it was so. There was nothing in his sculpture, moreover, of the great and the sublime. He had seen, and studied, and admired to the full the wonderful groups of Michelangelo, speaking a vast uplifted epic in those stone hieroglyphics of high inspiration and noble form. Still less had his figures the impressive poetry of repose of the matchless works of Phidias, whose very fragments are

great with the artist's sense of power. He had nothing even of the heroic breath of his great master, Rude, whose genius he extolled.

Later, he had promised himself, when his hand should have acquired the deepest secrets of skill and the stone should seem to have become plastic under his touch and alive with movement and expression, he would seek to impress upon his work the last remaining triumph of magnificence. Yet in his heart the artist shrank from all comparisons. His work was not a task. He was an artist from the first, and he had ever followed merely his own instinct of beauty.

As he stood there, regarding his work, he looked what he was, a workman, the son of a workman. The strong hands had sculptured a finer stone than had his father's, the mason; yet the same patient sincerity had remained with him. The cast of his countenance spoke also of his origin; the plain, regular, well-marked features, the drawn face of toil,

the thick lips of his good nature, finer emotion deepening and becoming coarser in sensuality, the full forehead, and the shining eye through which beamed the artist's soul.

Carpeaux had reached the age of forty-two—it was in 1869—he was in his full strength, though privation and disease had not been spared. His life had been carried along with fervent aspiration and unremitting toil. Honours had come to him, and he had rejoiced in his simple way, because he thought that art should be honoured. He had acquired a modest wealth, and he had won not merely the esteem but the friendship of the great; but he had remained in his inmost conscience that which he had always been, the son of the mason, striving ever to find new beauties in the stone, to rise from victory to victory; and it was in this consummate work of perfect skill that the soft, and naïve, and natural appeal of the delight of beauty for itself had now infused its charm throughout the whole. The

nudity of the figures was innocence beyond the shame of modesty; the freedom of the charms of sex was superior to the strained thoughts that had ever suggested veiling.

At last the work was finished. And the beautiful dream would be thrown into the turmoil of the city's life. It would adorn the home of song. It would stand in the very eye of Paris. The sculptor felt for a moment a shrinking from this glare of the public mart, so different from the quiet, the seclusion, the pure atmosphere in which the work had grown.

But so it is ever. Our inspirations have the flash of heaven's fire. We fling them in the confused moil and disorder of the world. Disregarded, derided, insulted; must our hearts ache with this most poignant sorrow? No. Even there they will do their work. A glance, a shadow, an imperishable thing of beauty has made its influence known. It lives. Irregularly and in strange fashions it helps to sweeten men's

lives, to sustain their aspirations, to give new zest to effort.

And in calmer mood at length, with nothing now of ecstasy and the drunken dreaming sense which is the artist's joy, but with a serious, patient, half-sad and withal serene regard, Carpeaux took his adieux of his work in his atelier, and bethought himself of the arrangements of its setting. It will adorn the Opera, he said, nay, the Opera will be in a sort its pedestal; the world will pass by its feet!

ALBERT MOORE

A Summer Night displayed its perfect forms before his eyes. He had completed the last exquisite touches. His emotions of serene pleasure were mixed also with a sense of extreme sadness. The warning had been given to him of the malady that was destined soon to cut off his life, soon; long before he should have attained the complete skill which year by year he saw developing before him. A sense of loneliness, almost of desolation, oppressed him. Artist almost from his birth—from before his birth if the laws of family counted in this way—he had won early successes, and he had seen the doors opened and the path broadening, if but he could consent to follow in the beaten path.

But he had never felt the attraction of the safe ascents to honour. He had consistently turned away from fortune,

when fortune had meant a crippling of his freedom, a compromise of his powers. He had done this without regret, almost without a struggle, rather following a right instinct strong as fate. He knew himself an artist, and he knew that it was within his faculty yet to bring forth the expression of what he had conceived and to make a new phase of the eternal art which had commanded the genius of men for all the centuries. From his earliest days, from his childhood, he had set a certain ideal before him; and now that his years had reached half-a-century he was beginning to see more clearly that every advance was but opening up new heights and fresh vistas. Yet on the whole he felt a deep solace in that he had held to his own path. He had been sincere, and he had been successful. His ideal would live; it would grow in power; gradually its strong charm would enter into the hearts of men and form a turning point in art.

He had travelled, he had observed,

he had visited France with delight and Italy with rapture ; he had studied and profited : yet he had clung to his own ideal and wrought out his own forms. That was necessary ; that was inevitable. His had been the old and often repeated story : the prophet with no honour in his own country : the man of genius spurned because he had brought a new thing and refused to be measured by false standards. The Academy had ignored him ; his countrymen for the most part had neglected him or disdained him ; his friends had praised him on grounds misunderstood. Their appreciation conveyed a deeper sense of discouragement than the insults of his enemies. Yet what resource had he ? None, but to continue to paint, to strive ever to produce his great ideal.

Albert Moore looked at his hands. They were thin and worn. The malady was declaring itself. How many years had he to live ? Perhaps not years, perhaps months only. And yet even now that he had attained the full energy

and serenity of his faculties, now that so many things by the way that had attracted him had sunk to their true proportions in the evolution of his nature, now he was beginning to see the mists roll away. New and hitherto undreamt conquests allured him. He would show movement, passion, the full force of human emotions, still imbued with the matchless harmony of form.

Albert Moore's face was that of a poet, pensive, sad, but illuminated with high intelligence. The features were not classical, but well formed, sensitive, possibly effeminated by the refinements of the artist's nature; the forehead was broad, the beard full and long, the once soft contours rendered haggard by toil, disappointments, the approach of age, the approach of mortal disease. The eye was luminous, full of expression yet withal shining forth with a thoughtful and noble serenity.

The years, the toils, even the contests had at length made him serene. He had been tried in the furnace of criticism;

he had been forced to look back upon himself, to sustain his own ideals against the world, and thence to know their truth, to know the depth and living spring of all his inspiration. And he had become filled with calm content. The Academy had rejected him; that refusal would at length redound to the discredit of the Academy, and to his honour. The reputation of the great no longer oppressed him; he knew the depth of their art and of his. He looked upon his picture again, and now with rare happiness. He had found a new thing in art, the lightest and most delicate touches suggesting nothing fugitive or fluid but infused into the sense of solidity and strength.

From his childhood he had sought the perfection of finish, and throughout the long years, almost like one in a prison —for the open world may be a prison— concentrating his mind with intensity upon one clearly conceived ideal, he had successfully developed his own nature in its power. Yet this sense of

finish had brought not merely delicacy; it had brought a hitherto unattained force, the force of solidity, calmness, durability, as of a beautiful statue of the days of Phidias—an Athene, a Persephone; and yet no Athene, no Persephone, nor Aphrodite Anadyomene, nor Aphrodite of Melos, nor the Venus of Titian, nor the Madonna of Raphael, nor the Magdalen of Correggio, nor the Monna Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, nor any woman of stone nor of the lovely hues of the painter of ancient or modern times; he had added one immortal woman to the few great types that the centuries have preserved.

How delicate the colouring of the eye, not large but limpid, soft and deep; how exquisitely fine the grain of the skin, yet there was health and radiance, not of the fading peach bloom, but of the lustre of some more exquisite, more subdued, more tenacious quality. The calm brow, the calm purity of expression, the countenance, on which, however, play the lights of varied thoughts; the

mouth on which kisses fain would live; the strong and firm, but soft and gliding lines of the figures; the well-moulded contours, the natural pose, the easy self-containment, the amply toned perfection, the felicitous response, the grouping all conformed. The painting was bold and solid as a group of tinted marbles, perfect indeed if marble could be wrought to touches so soft and exquisite.

And as he gazed upon her countenance she seemed to breathe, the breast rose and fell with the regularly taken breath, and the whole being was informed with soul, and thought, and senses.

In a hundred forms he had pictured this one great type, and in a hundred titles he had known her—Rose Leaves, Yellow Marguerites, Blossoms, Dreams; audaciously he had presented her in The Wardrobe, nude and serene in the perfect beauty of that nakedness; and he had multiplied the image in his Waiting to Cross.

But the names had but marked the

years of his toils, the surety of his powers, the ever-growing deep affection of his touch. And as he slowly withdrew his gaze he felt that he had lived, that his life had had its reward; and that in this strange mysterious career of ours, of effort, disappointment and rudely approaching death, he could still calmly rejoice; for he had cast one beautiful imperishable image into the living thoughts of man.

DANTE

DANTE

At his birth the poet's doom is forecast. It is his to expand the tendrils of his thoughts in an atmosphere which stifles them; to know his fine feelings, radiant fancies driven back upon himself amid the tyranny of lesser aims; to find his heart lacerated, persecuted, the flights of his soul fugitive, furtive, trembling; till at length, retired within himself, he discovers new solace in his ideal; and by the force of his spirit wins in his suffering, hopes, and aspirations the lesson which he pours forth in living verse.

Dante was in his thirty-fifth year; thirteen centuries had revolved since the birth of Christ. It was the turning point of the poet's career. The hot flames of his early days were burning with less imperious force; reason, intelligence, manly power had grown and had assumed

the mastery; yet the ideal afar shone ever to his eyes, demanding not merely the fierce ebullient impulses of youth, but the patient service and the sacrifice of the strong and ripened man.

Dante had retired to the forest, and wandering on, alone, and almost unobservant of the outward things, he had reached a spot whose thick continuous shadows excluded the noonday sun. The deep calm of the scene impressed him, his mind followed its bent, his thoughts deepened into sombre musings.

Dante at thirty-five still retained the figure and much of the vivacity of expression of youth. He was of the middle height, well formed, his figure naturally active though delicately built; but deep study, disappointments, the play of intense feeling had made his body thin and warped his face. The expression of scorn, of contempt of his enemies, of disappointment, deception, had already left their impress in the lines of the down-drawn mouth. The lips, rather

full, well moulded, sensitive, were constrained in an air of firmness and pride. The nose was straight, and in profile slightly aquiline, the forehead well rounded, noble, and impressed with the marks of thought. The cheek was smooth, the face long and oval, but the beauty of the countenance was marred by the hardness of the lines and a defect of symmetry of the features. Yet in the air, the expression, the regard, an attractive quality seemed to reign, more captivating than the forms of smooth perfection. Dante was a man marked with a superior seal.

The eye alone was great, soft, beaming, yet fearlessly intent in its gaze, lighting with lambent flames capable of burning in a fierce intensity. Dante reflected on his childhood's days, how even with his earliest thoughts had come to him the inevitable desires of fame; the call to send his soul abroad and illuminate the ways of men. He remembered the growing of this thought still with his own growth, the periods of

painful brooding which often held him in its toils, the moods of ecstasy through which he passed, the ardent aspirations for a life of rectitude, that striving towards perfection which had seemed a living spirit in his breast burning ever at his soul, etherealising him at times, catching him up in ravishment to ideal heights of sovereignty.

Dante meditated on his activity in politics. At first the valiant confidence of genius, the ardour for the struggle, the resounding call to the heart of the citizens, the images of honour, probity, civic greatness set on high. Then the intrigues, the dark machinations, the struggle carried to a lower level; the experience brought home to him that the work of all reformation is much more involved, that the human heart and the play of interests in society are far more complex than the image formed in the neophyte's imagination. Then had followed disappointment, disillusion, disgust, the revolt at treachery, the contempt of meanness, the resentment

against all falsity, the deep recoil of his nature against the sordid frauds of low ambition.

He had been beaten. His ideals had been cast in the dust, his own reputation tarnished in popular report; his plans had been travestied, his name and fame held up to execration; inferior creatures lorded over the city and received the adulation of the mob. Dante reflected on his education, his early love of learning, his first acquaintance with Virgil, who had swept upon his mind like a revelation, his admiration strengthening as he marched along that path of high delights. He meditated on the philosophy of the ancients, his deep respect for Plato, succeeded by the captivation of Aristotle, whose genius seemed to him to partake of the divine.

And from these thoughts Dante's mind was carried by some sustaining power to meditation on the growth of the Christian Church, the great doctrines which were borne in upon him as everlasting verities, though denied, degraded,

prostituted by vile servants of that religion, even by those whose head the triple tiara crowned. . . .

His thoughts were wafted softly back to his earliest days again, and the vision of his first love stood almost palpably before his eyes. He was but nine when he had met his Beatrice, but the impress of that first meeting with the radiant child had stamped its picture on his mind so that in all his growth that image too gained strength until it had become a part of him. At eighteen years—a youth susceptible to love's appeal, the soft languorous dreams of adolescence hardening into the daring temper and burning passions of the man—Beatrice had saluted him, and the memory of that salutation had remained for ever with him as of a seraphic vision upon earth. At twenty-seven he had lost her from this world, and in his heart he had formed the vow to wreathe her name in an immortal crown of verse.

Her memory had gained in power. The vision had grown enhanced in its

intensity. In his vivid souvenir the very colours of her dress, her eyes, her hair, seemed stamped in living dyes; and in his dreams, as his thoughts dwelt still upon her lips, they filled his longings or swam above his vision, crimson gonfanons of love. But all desire had perished now. He saw her only in the upper ether; she shone beatified, and in her starry eyes he read the transcendent pity that gave him now the only avenue of love.

It had been his love for Beatrice that had first inspired his muse, but that inspiration had needed the devout studies, the diligent toils that had gradually given him power over the instrument of his expression, and discovered to him ampler tones and subtler cadences. Brunetto Latini had been his helpful master, but Virgil still his guide. And the instrument had at length acquired perfection in his hands, and he had poured his soul abroad in soft mysterious chantings where the meaning peeps and hides. . . .

The mood of reverie deepened, a deep enthralment bound him in its chains, his mind felt the exercise of a power that led his ideas in successive strains, rather than that he of his own volition gave direction to their course.

His ideas now fermented ; like a hive of swarming bees thoughts more confused assailed his mind. And then at length from their confusion a higher clearness rose, and from the stress of troublous thoughts that leapt and strained as with the quivering of chords of music in his brain, suddenly a larger vision seemed opened in his mind. And in this mood the multitudinous sea of things that he had vaguely known were reconciled in one harmonious play—the poet's fire, the tender early years, the one transcendent love, the aspirations, the tortured passions, the struggles, hopes, the great ideal stretching over all.

His mind dilated ; the figures of his former thoughts grew with enchantment. He saw the Christian Church idealised, and he saw the destiny

of man laid bare in the vast and burning symbols of his faith. And in that mood familiar words took newer force, the lightest thoughts became endued with unknown depths of meanings. The way of man was seen a voyage on which were borne the just and the unjust; this world was but a pilgrimage amid things palpable preparing for the vaster pilgrimage of the disembodied soul. Man's destiny urges him for ever upward; vile lusts, earthly pride and avarice, the panther, and the lion, and the wolf, bar the progress to salvation.

And those who fall are cast into the pit. The punishment of hell is already in the sin, and in the soul of him who has the sin; the sin is punishment. And the mystic symbol expanded, supernaturally vast and shining with the visions of another world. Hell in circles of its sins was stretched before his gaze, the succession of the sins of man leading to the lowest, the essential falsity of heart. But man's soul is redeemed and

purified by suffering, and of all suffering Purgatory stands as the eternal symbol. Purified by suffering the soul ascends to Paradise.

And in Dante's dream his teacher, and now his friend, Virgil, seemed to become personified as the wisdom of the pagan creed, and that love which had been the passion of his life had become rendered at length divine in the exaltation of his thoughts. Beatrice arose, the incarnation, now transcendent in a starry sphere, of that virtue of the higher life that leads man up to God.

A mysterious power had ordained his life, and the number three and the number nine had gained in his mind a fateful influence. And here too he beheld them once again; and here too he felt the eternal harmony that holds all in its sway. . . .

And at length from this hypnotic trance which had seemed a veritable translation and a voyage in another world Dante awoke.

His will had seemed enchanted; his

mind still quivered in its ecstasy, his body trembled. But soon the man asserted himself. He had been a true philosopher, a poet; he had not shut up his life in mere abstractions; the lessons of experience had sunk upon his mind with graphic force, his memories were bright with brilliant tints. And the artist was all awake, and the subtle melody of the theme was singing at his heart. And the great symbol cried out to be portrayed in earthly colours and in living thoughts.

The human life? Was not that a voyage of the soul? The pilgrim voyage of his dream, had not that portrayed his life?

And by the poet stood the judge. His own wrongs, the woes of Florence, should find their instrument of vengeance; greater than all the power of nobles, emperors, or popes, the reign of genius now announced itself, and the humiliated rose exalted and supreme. The poet lived again; his human passions burned, Dante loved, Dante hated, Dante

scorned, Dante strove to lift his soul, Dante stamped in horror as he bruised the serpent's head, and Dante trembled in amazement as he saw revealed the workings of the powers that hold our life; and interwoven, interpenetrated, striking in subtly interchanging cadences, the chant of love, of universal hope, awoke and pealed, and melted, raptured, thrilled and seized and all transformed the soul.

CAMOENS

CAMOENS

In the late autumn of 1578 Camoens sat in a little room of a mean hostelry in the street of Santa Anna in Lisbon. His Javanese servant had sallied forth to purchase coal, for the evenings were already chilly, and the shortening of the days had borne in upon the mind of the poet that sense of the passing of all things, the drawing-in of the curtains of nature, that turned his thoughts to sadness. A deep feeling of oppression gained upon him; he brooded darkly, irritably at first, but as his mind pierced depths on depths of sombre thoughts, descending far beyond the discomforts of his present situation and searching out not only his own destiny but that of all mankind, at length the keen sense of misery and of personal apprehension were dissolved away in the contemplation of ideas that brought solace in their splendid sweep and power.

His days were ebbing; he beheld himself, as often in his life, sheering off in the vessel that bore his fortunes from the land which had witnessed his exploits, and he felt that that image had now a grander signification than he had ever known before—the shore was earth itself, the exploits were the sum total of his life, and the voyage to which his sail was bent was that of the Unknown, whose port is the Eternal.

In the deep silence of the evening Camoens reflected on his life, not by any forced reminiscence, but as if some strange power moved in succession before his inward vision the panoramas which had once been real. Even in that solemn hour he rejoiced above all things that he had been a Man. For the good God that guides our world loves not the cowardice of inferior nature, the dread that comes of false religions; he loves the nobility of soul, the prowess, the brilliancy, even the sportive days and joyous laughter of the children of light. And Camoens had lived his life sincerely.

Poet, he had not disdained the real. Rather he had rejoiced in the rude contact of the world, the battling with the elements, as well as at times the sweet and natural delectation in the warm and radiant aspects of Nature, the myriad forms of delight which she spreads and scatters with regardless hands in the golden climes that had fostered his youth. And these material things were not divorced from the Ideal; rather his poet's vision, not seeking refuge in hypocrisies, in ecstasies of admiration feigned, but gazing deeply upon the world as it is and seeing its inner meaning, transfigured and transformed those common things and found their perennial glory.

He pictured himself at his first entry at Court after his days of study and pleasure at Coimbra: young, handsome, accomplished, learned in the history of the world, not at all oppressed by that learning nor bent to pedantic ways, rather trained by the contact with great minds, polished, lively with natural good

spirits, sparkling in easy wit. His figure was well-knit, graceful and supple, giving evidence of developing later into the martial bearing of the hardy soldier. His eyes were blue, the hair of a dark chestnut, the features regular, though without the severe composure of the classic models. The brow and the clear lights of the burning eye showed the intellect, the lower part of the face, the mouth full and firm, told rather of a nature strong and emotional.

Camoens had conquered the hearts of women; he had yielded his soul to one superior to all others. Donna Catharina had loved him, had poured forth the depths of her love in the warm and passionate appeal of the daughters of the South. Fate had stepped between them. Possibly this great sadness had been necessary to the full accomplishment of his life. Married, happy, pursuing the regular career of advancement, he had reached high honours perhaps; but could he have reached the Honour, the immortal Glory that

had been his, he the battered, bruised and broken wayfarer, he the fiery soldier, the restless pilgrim, the storm-tossed, shipwrecked mariner, he the undying poet with his eyes ever turned to the beautiful, the noble and the true ?

From his love for Catharina he had preserved a deep reverence for women, a homage never denied to goodness, to beauty, to virtue. But the bold poet had not cloistered his soul, nor soured his praise with forced austerity. He had sported in the sunlight and feasted his eyes with delights, and he had plunged his white teeth into the blooming fruit of the peach and inhaled its fragrant odours ; he had sucked the honey of pleasure from the flaunting flower that produced it.

The images of fair women rolled along the current of his remembrances. He saluted them at their passage. He rejoiced in their recollection, and he was grateful that it had been given to him to know so much beauty, grace and

goodness in the world that he had traversed.

He thought of his epic, the first vague but grand and alluring presentment; then step by step, in a wonderful way, the vague ideas becoming firmer and clearer, the poem emerging, the epic developing, the poetic history, aspiration, spiritual portraiture of the nation created.

The poem rolled before his eyes: a rare and brilliant, jewel-inlaid, lucent riband, and every gem an eye through which glinted the suggestion of infinite things. The exploits of Vasco da Gama, the wonderful voyage fraught with mystery, fraught with heroism, fraught with rich accomplishment; the gorgeous display of tropic climes, the picturesque and grandiose adventures, the sense of enchantment, of a background of melody felt more than heard, of an embalmed odorous atmosphere bathing all things, even those that seen closely had forms of ugliness, in one dissolving, dreaming charm of memory.

He had been the poet of the sea. He had loved the sea, loved it as a mistress, even though he had suffered as a lover enduring all her cruelties. He knew the sea in its fiercest storms, in its devastating, death-dealing furies, as well as in the blue and limpid laughing freshness of the softly swelling, dancing waves beneath the sun of happy climes and the ethereal glory of its soft, cerulean skies.

Nor of visual things alone had Camoens sung. He had celebrated the higher attributes of mind: courage, honour, enlightenment, the Ideal that leads onward and that alone makes life desirable. And he had pictured, too, ideal realms of joy, fair women, the reward of doughty deeds. He loved the plastic forms of beauty, the glory of the hair, the tender sparkling eyes that tell of sympathy, the red lips whose fragrant words breathe love, the polished limbs, the snowy breast faint-flushed by fires of love, the girdle fine of beauty where gossamer tissues veil and carelessly reveal the perfect dowered form. For life is never

lived till it has tried the utmost stretch of power, and at the tip of effort found enjoyment's fragrant rose.

And in his souvenirs the mood of pleasure seemed to rise and soar, now poising over all, the sense of warm rich life, of brilliancy of play, of the offering of the prim and perfect nature of the man. And in the acceptance of this boon, in the fine ambrosial joy that exhaled like an odoured vapour from his heart, the poet wreathed up incense of his spirit to the high Elysian throne, breathing forth his thanks amain to the one true God. He had involved his admiration for the mythology of the ancients with his Christian faith. Yet in this he had done well, for the goddesses who guided and rewarded man were to be found in the qualities of their souls, of which Venus, Juno, Minerva, Ceres were the symbols conceived in beauty and in truth.

Then he thought of his own woes—calumny, neglect, hardship, prison, the malice of envious tongues, the hate of

inferior natures. He had suffered the persecutions of the great ones of earth. Yet the memory of these things had now no hold upon his mind. He forgave the injustice, he pitied the mean lives of those who had assailed him. They would be remembered only because of their injustice to him. Barreto was but a spot on the resplendent robes of the past.

He had lived well, in spite of all. He was content. He had exalted the glory of his country, the nobility of the mind of man, the finest faculties of our race. And he had paid for these jewels of his poetry, each one with a shred of his life, a living portion of his happiness. And it had been well. The actual material existence that men saw was not the real life, nor the real man. Only they saw him truly who saw the effulgent glory of the poesy which arose therefrom, perfumed, sweet, blazing with colours and everlasting with the song of romantic, fine and roundly swept heroic deeds.

And the Javanese returned, patient,

meagre, faithful as a dog. And the dream of the past vanished at the touch, but Camoens did not shrink from the stern contact of the world he saw before his eyes.

MILTON

MILTON

Milton sat in despondency. Old Age had laid her cold hand upon him. Poverty, hardship and disease had bowed him down; in crude old age he sat crippled and deformed. Among enemies, and blind!

Dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon: even the vilest thing that creeps on earth has the power to see. He sat there dark in light. Within doors or without, still as a fool in the power of others, never in his own, he passed his life. His life was fast spending itself. Exposed to daily fraud, to contempt, worry and abuse, he found no remedy and no escape. Degraded, crushed, condemned, steer what course he might, his bark moved to its doom. "God of our fathers! What is man?" he cried.

In mean surroundings, public obloquy, in private grief, teased by the thousand

trivial things of poverty, of helplessness, domestic misery, his life was fretting to the last. Dull, dank and chill old age, misfortune, blindness, these had fallen on him like a pall, and held his thoughts fast bound to that enduring wretchedness. Motionless he sat, blind sphinx amid a heedless world.

Gradually the dark clouds of his thoughts began to move. His mind in retrospect was thrown back to its earliest years, once more he felt the multitude of thoughts begin to swarm within him, he found once more the echo of the voices that had ever led him on. Even from his childhood's days his mind was set serious to learn and know, and thence to do, what might be public good. Born to that end, born to promote all righteous things, he had grown to manhood in that faith, and his manhood had redeemed the pledge that he had given.

The genius of his poetry had been no idle gift for his enjoyment and his sport. A charge had been bestowed on him, and in that bestowal he had felt himself as

solemnly elected, with gifts and grace adorned to some great work. That work had come: Justification of the ways of God to man. But life demands a daily service too, and in the way of life his task had been the constant battling for England's weal; and that task too he had, according to his strength, fulfilled.

A sense of profound peace began to pervade his mind, and to dispel as with warm beams of light the clouds of all his sadness. How marvellously varied had been his life, his life of thoughts ranging throughout the universe, wandering, wandering through eternity; he marked all things in their peculiar quality, as though the stamp of each had been impressed upon his mind. And yet how simple too had been the central voyage of his life, the strengthening of his powers, the expression of his soul in the service of the Right, in aspirations up to God. . . .

From his earliest days there had grown up in his mind an impression of duality, the paradox of a nature turning to the

sunshine, prone also to that sweet dalliance which is its own reward, the suave and full seduction of the thoughts that spring from woman's charm; and then in other mood, as strong, the sense of renunciation, of stern and constant discipline, the severity of struggle, of study, the sedate pleasure of contemplation, the profounder passion of the duty that is laid on every man, and of which the due fulfilment means his life. *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso*; he had well expressed himself; the twofold attractions of his nature had found poetic play.

Then had followed his voyage to Italy; the land of sunshine, the land of the ideal, had become a real thing, filled with ten thousand rare associations, and now in his memory rendered infinitely more tender with the wistfulness of clinging, faint, appealing souvenirs. That voyage had been the blossoming of his life; courtesies, honours, the admiration of beautiful things, had smitten on his mind; and endless vistas

to his fancy and his hopes and high endeavours had been opened up; nor had there been wanting the tender glance of women's eyes, the touch of hands whose pressure seemed to thrill him like a bell, and ambrosial odoured kisses.

Sterner duties then had called. England had demanded him, and he had come. The clang of battle had resounded, and the iron of his own soul had given its response. His life he had offered to his country, his service he had given, his ceaseless toil, his brain, his eyes. And from the conflict he had at length withdrawn, glorious in achievement, stricken by the hand of Fate—blind, diseased and cheated, helpless and despised. And the sons of Belial had triumphed; their riot and their insolence degraded England for whose greatness he had fought. . . .

Milton sat in deep meditation, but the sense of dejection had vanished. A feeling of difficulty, of some perplexity, of struggle, had succeeded. He was sifting out his thoughts, endeavouring

to trace out lines of certain guidance. From time to time he felt a twinge of pain, but now with the increase of his gout pain had long been his familiar. His blindness even had been tolerable but for these torments. Yet withal the expression on his face was that of endurance, cheerful when possible.

He wore a coarse coat of grey cloth, and as he sat now in his elbow-chair, with one leg thrown carelessly over the arm, his figure of middle height and well-proportioned build retained suggestions of its former comely grace. His face was pale and thin but not cadaverous. His hair, not yet entirely grey, the auburn tint prevailing, was parted in the middle, and, resting flat upon his head, hung to his shoulders, waved and slightly curling at the ends. The eye was clear, though blind, and the intentness of its gaze was heightened by the opening formed by the sunken lids and the arching brows. The forehead was broad and ample, the mouth severe, satirical and sad ; and yet withal pugnacious.

And in this hour of sombre thoughts Milton yet rejoiced at recollection of his youth, the handsome animated face whose smile gained friends at once, the sparkling eyes, the easy turn of perfect dignity with winning grace and courtesy. And yet behind all, for ever, the inward regard of one predestined to his work, the constant sense of duty of the man who sought to train his powers as an offering in the great Taskmaster's eye.

The years of statesmanship had been necessary to the forming of the man. His virtue had been breathed and sweated in the toil and dust of conflict. His marriage. . . . Yes, that strange fatality, that had been needful also. His sense had been entangled in the beauty of a girl, and he had found therein his own accomplished snare. The fair fallacious looks of a light and wilful girl beguiled even him. Soft, modest, meek, demure beneath the virgin veil she seemed at first; and then too late discovered, when all defence availed not, a thorn, a mischief cleaving to him

still. And yet through all the bitterness of thwarted hopes the memory of those fair charms survived, seductive, sweet; the accident of passion had become a living skein bound in the strand of all his life. . . .

Few misfortunes had been spared him, but he had kept the flame of poetry alive amid the chaos of his hopes. With what strange solemn joy he had returned to this fair early love, redeeming the pledge that he had given long ago. His poem had arisen worthy of the gift with which his soul had been endowed, worthy of the England he had loved. And yet the years that passed between had not been years of idleness and slow neglect; they had been years of growth. An instinct of creation deep within had warned him of quick fruition; while the years revolved the thoughts within his brain fermented, sifted, joined together, built the palace of his soul. Of his *Paradise Lost* the verse had flowed like the expression of his old familiar thoughts. He too was there, there in

the centre, and in his mind beheld the innumerable vistas by which he had sent out the piercing rays of thought to find some presence sentient of God. And this cosmos of his mind, revolving in its order and proportions, formed the magic poem.

As he mused, and the mighty fabric of the poem rose before his sense, the stupendous creation in which he figured Hell and Heaven, he gazed in wonder; and when the recollection of the human poem, the Paradise of man depicted, moved in its flowing march, flowered, odoured, bright with a million thoughts and rich with soft enchantment of the beauty that finds us in its most appealing, deep, seductive guise, a feeling of intoxication mounted to his brain, that sense of marvel, effort, tension, joy that buffets in the soul like rising pain.

With the flood of recollections that surged upon his mind and heated up his thoughts he felt the impulse rise and grow—the rousing motions in him—once more to fling a living thing, immortal,

into the world of men, once more to give his aspiration wings.

Moments there are worth years. And the years of patient strivings, anxious thoughts, continual essays, had reached the crowning point. The portions fashioned fell into their place, the thoughts explored a hundred times took shape, the poem grew, the drama swelled and rounded to its full content. . . . Samson Agonistes: John Milton. Blind, degraded, shackled amid Philistines; hopes mocked, ideals despised, his work undone, his gifts insulted, pursued and persecuted to his grave 'mid ribald jests and drunken laughter of men debauched and wanton jades, he felt the strength of old renewed, he knew once more the giant's force to smite in one prodigious blow. The body they could crush, they could not bind the soul. The prophecy was nearing its redemption now. From the ruin, from the mean surroundings of these things despised, from the blind old rebel and the crushed degraded foe, the fire would yet go up, the fire of holy

wrath ; and in the blaze that flamed to burn his soul to dust the warning signal would be read, the chastisement of those whose sins prepared their doom, the triumph of the God he served.

KEATS

KEATS

It was in the last days of July of the year 1819, when even the glorious sunset and the shadows rapidly thickening brought to the mind thoughts of the summer passing, changing into the chillier aspect of the autumn of northern climes, that a young poet sat by the window-side of a quiet room of a little house in Hampstead. Long, long he had remained in meditation, the occasion of which was grave or fascinating enough to have moulded to a placid mask the features that by their delicacy and by their contour were evidently of great mobility.

These thoughts, however, if serious and even sad, were tinged by no form of mean distress. The eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the landscape in the west, and from the depth of their expression and the mixture of ardour and chastened appreciation in their regard

one might have thought that it was the beautiful picture—barred clouds blooming the soft-dying day—that was absorbing his attention and marking the tone of the changes of the colours on his mind. Yet though present to his bodily senses, there was but little beyond the vague recognition of all this subdued splendour in the mind of John Keats. His thoughts were otherwhere. . . .

In this sitting attitude his figure looked taller and stronger than it really was. The shoulders were well formed, the torso ample. The hands were resting one upon the other on the little square table in front of him; hands not well shaped, indeed, and marked with slightly swollen veins. The head was small, but exquisitely formed; the forehead neither very high nor very wide, but the whole vault of the skull finely arched. The hair, parted in the middle, was of a colour rather brown than auburn; worn somewhat long, it descended thickly from the parting, not without a grace of curls and waviness. The countenance

might at first glance have been thought to be cast in the mould of a woman's, but only to undiscerning eyes. The face was wide at the forehead and rather small at the chin, the long-drawn lines of the cheek were delicate, and the mouth sensitive, as though, indeed, the features even at rest were always on the verge of animated change. Yet the whole complete setting of the head and neck as well as the features, the deep, resolute regard, the calm boldness of the eye, the somewhat pugnacious lips and the tone of mingled gentleness and dignity, all gave the impression of a gallant and masculine nature. The eyes were difficult to describe, for their changes were hardly less remarkable than those of the colours in the west. Now they seemed violet in colour, slightly upturned in regard, with a peculiar, deep and questioning intentness.

The face was handsome and manly; it was beautiful as a woman's; on its surface played the glowing beams, the half-discovered shades of expression, the

brightness, the energy, the depth, the intensity of feeling that proclaim Genius, that come from Genius only.

What had been his thoughts? He had but that hour traversed the early dreams of his fame. For he had known that there had been given him a gift more precious than had ever yet been bestowed upon the sons of mortal man; he had known that he had been one set apart, consecrated by the quality of his mind and the fulfilment of his mission. He was the Poet. And he thought that his fellow-men would recognise him even by the lustre of the lamp that he bore; that they would fall astonished at his genius; that he, The Appointed One, would lead them with him in the worship of that Excellence whose splendour and seal is Beauty.

That phase of contemplation passed, and in the natural human world he traversed all his experiences; now smiling with the humour that was in him; now grieving again over past griefs, remembrances, separations, buried hopes,

and all the world of what might have been. Then came the era of his publications, the *Imitations of Spenser*, the *Endymion*, the *Hyperion*, and now his later works, *Isabella*, *St Agnes*, *Lamia*, all the *Sonnets*, and the rest. And at each successive phase of that retrospect there had been called to his mind again the rising hopes, the fond speculation, the anticipated fame, the projects, the prospects of serener life, and wider scope and more perfect endeavour; and, then, the disappointment, the resistance to ignominy, the insults of vulgar minds, the practical dreariness of the outcome of failure. The things so near in their actual succession in a life so short as numbered by its years, yet seemed to Keats to be far off, almost as though not concerning himself. Time, that aged nurse, had rocked him to patience.

But other thoughts had disturbed Keats. The Fair Indian, she with the beauty of a leopardess, had come again into his meditations with impulsive force;

but again her form had become dimmed and another had held him enthralled. Ah, with what depths of passion had he loved, with what storms ; and again with what deep-sounding, thrilling, subtle words had he expressed that plaint of love, the absence, the melancholy, the escaping of possession. And not unmixed indeed the earthlier passions, the thick poppied lethargies, the hypnotic steepings of the mind in its dreaming, in the fascination of a woman's charms !

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone !
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplished shape, and lang'rous waist.
. . . . . .
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise,
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day
He'll let me sleep. . . .

And then had been the time when simple, pure, human affection had been the solace ; that of which he said, " I will retain this and be comforted " ; yes, even as one by one hopes and promises had departed, even as the flush of the radiant morning had vanished

in the cold bleak lines of day, even as from disappointment to disappointment he had struggled on, verifying, heart-broken, the realistic world that wanted neither him nor his genius nor the higher world of his exuberant, unending, subtle thought. Yet had he said: "This human love is mine, this woman's pure affection." And now that too had taken on the fatal colour which he knew in his forebodings meant the vanishing.

It was terrible. Of all that new birth of magnificent promise which was the dowry of young imagination there was now nothing left. Toil there had been, unequalled effort, immortal accomplishment, and of reward—none; none! The world was cruel. His life seemed a figment. Reality, possession, seemed ever to elude his grasp. . . . Were not those right even who judged poetry only by its money value? Money was at least solid, exchangeable, an earnest of power. . . .

Yesterday he had spat blood copiously. And to-day as he had walked to his seat

he felt how much less strong he was, knowing that even his growing recovery, his increasing robustness, had once again been nipped in its hope, finally and now fatally. And he remembered the night that, having spat blood for the first time—after that ride on the mail-coach where, vaunting his vigour, he had sat in the cold outside air—he had lit the candle and had seen the bright scarlet glow of the arterial blood, and had known that the seal of his death warrant was there. It was terrible. He so young, he whose life was opening out into such wonderful expansion—that too must go, unaccomplished, broken, lost. . . .

He held up his hand. It looked to him like the hand of one who had lived double his years. A glimpse of imaginings flashed athwart his eyes, then he looked at his surroundings. Cast into the Slough of Despond his spirit struggled now. The feeling, so intense, of dejection that held him in its grip gave way to a sense of resisting, to a fever beginning to chafe upon the heart, fighting in the

soul. A strange disquietude had seized him; he rose, walked aimlessly about the room, sat down again; his mind was held in thraldom, as of some effort demanded amid the vague pain of uncertain thoughts; he breathed fast, his body held as in a trance; his eyes gazed as if seeing what no other mortal saw, and in the billows of this new unrest his spirit seemed to rise. The clouds were piereed, thoughts tumultuous surged and buffeted and flooded in his mind that seemed borne along the sky and rocked about on gusty winds in space, the while, and with a faint alarm, he saw visions that arose, at first uncertain, fugitive; and then—he held his breath again—the amplitude, the scope and power, the ethereal beauty of the thoughts he knew and the pictures he beheld; and with these came now words, some in their finished lines, others in bold peaks or misty shroudings, purple patches here dimly framed in visions, atmospheres.

A great joy had seized him; seraphic

fearlessness possessed his soul, his genius once again had spread its wings, the poet rose supreme.

Keats had sprung up. He paced the room slowly, sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes looking intently at some familiar, trivial thing, sometimes stopping as though plunged again in thought, or teased, perplexed; the artist was at work shaping, clearing, trimming the gift that the messenger divine had brought. Dim-shown, the poem was yet projected as complete; the search of perfectness, the exquisite toils of modelling—these were the artist's task.

Alone and free, fearful words! Alone in the universe, free, to stretch his wings to God. Keats had known and he had felt that not alone a gift, a duty had been laid upon him too, a power that had freed his mind of the trappings of ennobled slaves and stripped him of their panoply of moulded thoughts, their vanities, their honours, their obeisances, religion. He looked on these, gazing for a moment in uplifted courage, gazing

long enough to give impetus to his soaring flight :

> Are then regalities all gilded masks?
> No, there are thronged seats unscalable
> But by a patient wing, a constant spell
> Or by ethereal things that, unconfin'd,
> Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
> And poise about in cloudy thunder tents
> To watch the abysm birth of elements.

He was free. He was alone. Alone in the world where he had no depth to strike in ; but Sophocles, Empedocles, Brutus, Dante, Camoens, Burns—he was the brother of those, of those who had sought Truth, of those who had known Beauty, of those who had thrilled with the gift of God. Death had lost its sting, death had but given the stroke of pain, the inward smart that forced his thought to the quick and vivid touch of truth.

ARISTOTLE

ARISTOTLE

ARISTOTLE gazed on Athens with a solemn sense of leave-taking. He had been accused of impiety, and he had determined to depart lest a crime should be thrown on the city he had loved. In his regard now there was little of personal grief, resentment had been washed away in a feeling of compassion. As he looked down upon the city, so also he saw, as from a height, the motives, the aims, the passions of the little men who ruled the state and who had declared themselves his enemies. Yet in this sense of superiority there was no aloofness and no sterile pride; humanly and simply he regretted this charge of impiety, and he chose rather that the weakness of these men should not culminate in tragedy.

There are natures which in the search for truth tremble at every moment to

run counter to prevailing opinions, which conform, clip their wings, emasculate their manhood, seek only to secure their lives and their immediate desire. This is the common crowd that makes the nation. There are others, not many, who in the pursuit of truth accentuate the differences that separate them from the general run of fellow-citizens, who refuse sympathy, refuse help, refuse even enlightenment, carried away by a certain fever of enthusiasm, who find delight in opposition, and whose natures are irresistibly prone to seek the woes of persecution, perhaps of martyrdom, finding in their supreme pain also supreme solace.

These men are the beacons of the centuries. They deserve to be remembered for what is best in them, their faults are washed away in the pity of their fate. Aristotle was not of that temper. He saw clearly that his record would be found in the whole tenor of his life, his unceasing work, his teachings. A useless sacrifice was in itself a crime.

He had reached his sixtieth year. The evening of his life had come. In the calm evening of that day his thoughts were borne on wings of reverie, with a suave but potent stress. He saw himself as a youth, ardent, impressionable, fiery and impulsive, a thousand desires fretting his life and burning in his flesh. He could feel smarting in his nerves the pang of enjoyment, and he could taste to its fill the cup of sweet pleasure. Desires, imaginations, hopes and aspirations shimmered before his mind. Yet a higher voice even then seemed always to be calling him. The quick impulsive youth, whose passions leaped and strained upon the leash like fierce dogs that sniffed their quarry, he, too, could bend his head in serious thought, plunged, lost, amid the strange mysterious labyrinth of thought, finding the glinting thread that step by step would lead his soul to light and wide expansive view. The very toils had a lure for him, the deep intense thought an attraction which had power to break the furious onsets

of his passions, and to hold the energy of his mind to channels that would bring reward in wisdom.

Aristotle was small of stature, thin and active, the features regular and of good form and fine balance, the forehead large though not excessive, the dome of the head well rounded. Early in life the habit of concentrated thought had impressed on his forehead above and between the eyes those marks which are the philosopher's glorious stigmata. The habitual expression when the face was in repose was that of a kind of sternness, which, however, implied no more than the habit of resolutely holding the object of his thought before the mental gaze. When he lifted his head to look in the face of a friend, the eyes lighted with kindness, and the down-drawn mouth wreathed in smiles. Of his early impetuosity all that remained was the restless habit of his body, the incessant energy of his mind seeming to drive, to force, to whip, to tyrannise over the meagre but hardy frame.

How close in the retrospect seemed his first meeting with Plato, those days of the fine wonderment with which one enters on a new world of activities whose attractions, vaguely but ardently presented, have led on the steps of our youth. Plato was great: the broad-browed and good philosopher, full of the valuable learning of his day; too fond perhaps of giving wings to his fancy in the unsubstantial heights of airy speculations. Aristotle had been the eye, the soul of the school; but the imperious needs of his own mind had gradually drawn him away from Plato. He could soar; but he desired to build the path so that others might see and follow; he wished not to create a world of beautiful fancy, but to send the plummet into all the mysterious depths of the world that we behold, convinced that in the end the painful toil of his searching thoughts would bring forth wonders more brilliant, more durable, more perpetually amazing than the imagination of the philosopher or the poet's golden dreams.

Reason had been his life, his authority, his justification. He wielded an empire greater than the realms of kings. He thought of his pupil Alexander. He thought of him with simple affection, he thought of him with wonder and admiration ; that prodigious energy of a gifted man, which in himself had become directed in a thousand channels of thought, had been concentrated in Alexander in the onrushing devouring need to do, to conquer, to carry his arms to unknown lands, to face new dangers, to sound to the depths and to the heights the passion of power, to reign as a god on earth.

Aristotle smiled. His brow clouded as he thought of the murder of Callisthenes, that blot on Alexander's fame. But now Aristotle saw the career of Alexander in the same light of wisdom as he had reviewed the politics of the city. He saw that the daring prince had wrought better than he knew, more marvellously and with greater power. His conquests would be a turning point

in the world's history, less for the display of conquering force and the oppression of peoples and the division or the welding together of countries, than for the opening up of new realms to civilisation, the fertilising interchange of new ideas, the facilities of intercourse, the exploration of the world. And in this calm outlook, while deploring the madness of flattery which had dethroned so fine a nature, he yet referred all those things to the account of the omnipresent Power which sways the world, and of whom we, our acts, our appearance, are but the manifestations and the partial signs.

He had been accused of impiety! A smile flitted over the thoughtful countenance of the philosopher. No one more than himself could respect the fine conception from which the representations of the gods and goddesses had sprung, for no one had traversed an equal range of experience, intent on weighing and reducing to true proportions the great passions that are the motive

forces of our human lives. The religion of his fathers was perfect in its inspiration and in its balance—Zeus, the central authority; Hera, the matron; Hephæstus, the artificer; Ares, the warrior; Poseidon, the ruler of the seas; Pluto, the ruler of the lower regions; Athene, the source of wisdom; Apollo, the artist; Aphrodite, the deity of love; and the whole series of the lesser powers down to the least; truly some god had given this to men, for the beauty, the justness, the proportion, the delightsomeness of the power of every great passion and every fine feeling were all marked with a truth that bore with it the veritable command of an everlasting law. But the symbolical form of these faculties of the mind had been rendered concrete, had been incarnated by the vulgar. That was inevitable. The laws and institutions of the State required material forms, palpable perceptions. And the speculations that had pointed to an endless progress of human endeavour had weakened the faith of his com-

patriots in the grosser forms of worship. Therefore he was the enemy.

Aristotle reflected on the mood of his mind when he had first faced the great problems of his life, and the world of knowledge had extended before his vision. He felt like a fisherman spreading his sail on the great ocean of life, sailing to the unknown, guided only by the star of truth. A mighty sense of endeavour, an irresistible aspiration had carried him triumphant through toils and dangers; but as his barque beat on her way the greatness of the world continuously expanded; with each new thing known a hundred problems deeper and more fascinating had dazzled and lured his mind. An instinct rather than a clear thought had kept him always to the measure and justness of nature.

It was so, he mused, in our human life; that justness of nature was the guide in our family, our state, our policies, even as in the passion of love that the poets exalted to madness.

The faithful performance of duties;

marriage; respect to woman in her sphere; the cohesion of the family; the enlightened patriotism of the State: did not these already form the basis of all morality, and expound all that was tangible in religion? He saw every province of thought in this survey develop and subdivide into myriad particulars, but the same principle guided all: the justice and measure of nature. Even the glories of poetry, of painting, of sculpture, of all art, submitted to that test; and his own eloquence had been poured forth in golden flow when he compared, with the perfections of our art, the free and natural gifts of nature lavished on our race, the glories of earth and sea and sky. That passage gave him once more a pleasure serene.

From this view his thoughts had been determined to investigations of nature, ever more and more minute. The contemplation of the world of society as we behold it had led to the study of the animal kingdom in its vastness and variety, and to the vegetable kingdom

of still more prolix detail. And yet in all these he saw a unity, informing all things in simple principles and binding all things by the wondrous laws of which from time to time he caught the glimpses and searched in part the secrets. And then he turned to the inanimate world, its vast phenomena, and therein also he sought the laws, his mind again mysteriously infused with the sense that here too was no break of the continuity of life. And that contemplation had in turn broken up into an endless series of new sciences.

The science of mathematics had now once more appeared to his eyes not merely an instrument of explication of these phenomena, but as a tracery of the lines by which the all-pervading Power leads us in symbolic forms to wider knowledge of the cosmos that holds all things in one. The study of metaphysics was the containing matrix from which particular sciences all issued. And the development of these sciences had implied the proportionate development

of his own mind. Herein was a way of life, a principle of ethics, a religion; and in his prophetic vision Aristotle had the forecast of the patient explicative work which would trace down at length, even throughout the centuries, the sciences which he beheld in their great dividing lines; and in this search he knew that many of his old erroneous thoughts would fall, and new undreamt results delight the soul of man.

His mind paused. The clear thought had given way to a confused contemplation; but not that of bewilderment as in the approach to a science, but rather an uplifted, though vague, sense of the eternal harmony amid the mystery of things. And in this luminous auroral aspiration of the mind he beheld the delicatest and lightest concrete things, the forms of flowers and their colours, linked to the starry skies, and blended with all the emotions of the man, his tender first affections and the full tide of his passions, and the tremulous lines of airy thoughts. And striking through the deeps of all

the world he had the sense of eternal laws that seemed to lead to central Unity, the order of the Power that held it all, the Universal God; and filled with wonder and with awe, with multitudinous strange emotions yet all uplifted to a higher sphere, the thoughts of the man swooned on to rapture, merged and lost in the communion with the Soul of things from which his own had life.

DESCARTES

DESCARTES

Descartes was thirty-three when he retired to Franeker in Holland. He had sought a colder climate, and an atmosphere less fraught with chimeras of the brain, than that of Paris. A moat separated his house from the city, where unobserved he still might find the advantages of civilisation. He surveyed the little domain of his choice; he was content; the landscape was calm and peaceable. The light, the battle, the life, were in his own thoughts.

Descartes had at length accomplished the act which had vaguely loomed in his purpose many years before, and in the quiet sense of reality there had come upon his mind, as already more than once in his career, the sense of prophecy verified, of a destiny to fulfil. From his earliest years he had been a philosopher; in his reflections upon the days of his

infancy he remembered but few of the incidents to which the recollections of others cling, and out of this comparative blank there emerged very soon the problems, the hopes, the tasks, which had still allured him to their contemplation during his boyhood, in his youth, and now at length when the years had ripened him to the full strength of his powers. He had been his father's " little philosopher " ; often these words weighed in his mind with the ineffable feeling of tender affection; with the solemn opening of his thoughts they had been to him like the whisper of a familiar spirit, raising his intellect and calling forth the vigour of his genius.

At first the impulse of his ambition had found no clear direction. Delicate in physique, of that finely strung organisation which suggests to some extent a feminine cast, his complexion, too, more suitable to a woman, so it would seem, than to a man, Descartes' temperament had all the sensitiveness, the mobility, the poignant smart of

feelings that are attributed rather to the gentler sex. And the diversity of the world of his imagination was destined to have its counterpart in the variety of his real experience.

He had been an apt scholar at the school of the Jesuits, but the ardent spirit within him sought ever, as by instinct, the surety of the source of his knowledge and the ultimate spring of all authority; and ever deeper and deeper and with ever-widening range this spirit had led him on to unknown worlds. Amazed at times at the glory of the vistas, the fascination of the thoughts so deep that they seemed to flash as in a glimpse of lightning upon that mysterious vat of nature which contains the birth of things, he found, when he returned to the learning of the school, so little accordance between his ideas and their poor teaching that his searchings had the air of a mysterious dream.

More and more he had become dissatisfied with authority and more and more involved in the pursuit of his own

ideal world, till at length he had found himself unable to read. The works of the schoolmen presented him with no firm foundations as a starting point and no reasoned deduction as a method of study, but rather they led him into a maze of puzzles wherein his brain fatigued itself to no useful purpose; and even those who spoke with keener insight and more candid exposition but served to stimulate his mind again in the direction of his own solitary searchings. Those were the days when to ponder was his enthralling passion, and wherein a true aphorism of philosophy smote upon his mind with the force of a master hand striking a lute of myriad chords.

Then had followed the years of his active life, years of campaigns, battles, travels in many lands, adventures which in the retrospect amazed him by their variety and the sense of the energy and ferment of the power that had driven him on in his course. For a motive stronger than curiosity had been the

cause of his wanderings. His thoughts burned and boiled within him with a sense almost of physical pain, and the active life of effort had been like a medicine soothing his troubles. In a thousand directions his mind was eager, and the desire to see and know threw him with force into the ever-changing scenes that had at first floated before his vision in a strange kaleidoscope, and had at length become reconciled in accordance with the principles of our common manhood. From the standpoint of himself, projected into this world in protean forms, he read the problems he had seen; and in the comparison of diverse countries, and in the display of national customs, he had at length learned to cast aside all prejudice and to learn the essential springs of human science. That was in itself a philosophy, won from his lively experiences, and fraught with lessons truer and more enduring than the pedantic expositions of the schools.

Yet as he sat down to survey the

realms over which his mind had wandered he found again the intimations of a deeper need, the warning of that mysterious spirit which had guided him, and which on one occasion, when his mind had been exalted in the contemplation of the harmony of things, had called out to him in articulate voice as delivering a message, even from the God who had made him.

A crisis of his life had come to him in the camp of Neuberg, where many years before, in the deep solitude of his winter quarters on the Danube, he had attempted to shape out his career and had found that his strongest impulse was towards the clear establishment of the system of his own thought. It was then that the voice from heaven pointed out his way. Already in Paris, while yet a youth of eighteen, he had slipped away from the gay world of his companions, and having tasted and known in the flower and sparkle of their enjoyment the pleasures of wine, of women, of gaming, of the theatre and of the

wider theatre of political plot, he had secluded himself, hidden in the heart of the capital, in order still to meditate. And everywhere that bent of character had accompanied him, and in spite of the onset of lower passions capable, for a while, of enslaving his mind, the purest aspirations for knowledge, or for the principles of knowledge, had at length dominated him entirely.

In the garrison of Breda he had wrestled with his mathematics; amid the activity of his campaign under Bucquoi in Moravia, swept along for a time in the exciting ambitions that a soldier's career opens up, he had still dived into his own mind. And now at length sieges, battles, campaigns, courts, the whirl of the busy world, the things that make history, all this was but the romance of a dream. The essential thing was still within his mind.

Descartes' work lay before him, vast and profound. He glanced at his physical limbs. Yes, they could stand the strain. The sickly boy with the

weak carmine of the lips and cheeks had at length developed into the shapely and accomplished cavalier. His cheek was bronzed. His eye was a soldier's when the thought of struggle rang a challenge in his mind. But the face was that of the philosopher. The fine texture of its fibres had become warped to the thinker's mask, the regard intent and ardent but gazing with a sort of inner light, the forehead pressed and forced into the student's mould. Already his way of life, his pilgrimage in the intellectual world, had been mapped. In the quietude of the coming years his toil would trace it down. His principles had been so constantly with him that they had become crystallised in aphoristic form. They could be designated as Independence, Analysis, Deduction, Survey.

His science of mathematics had already yielded in great part to these instruments. And now too he saw mathematics not merely as a problem but as an instrument. In a thousand ways his

analysis had led down to the same starting point; and from this basis a new science seemed to develop under his thought. And the domain of mathematics endured; its application became in a sense universal. For mathematics meant magnitude and order; and the whole visible world, the form and succession of things, seemed to become expressible in these terms. From the fundamental basis to which his analysis had led him, his scheme of deduction again rose and broadened in development. The sense of order and of harmony had permeated his universe; and again down from the general view this illuminated every partial science by which men had hitherto directed their study.

The sense of harmony, together with the vast inrush of luminous thoughts that surged myriad and illimitable within his mind, held the thinker in its trance and dazzled him by its revelation. Science became religion; his voyage to this village was the hegira of a new

era. But the glory of his ideals had swept away all meaner pride; the mighty task to which he had bent his mind was the thinker's offering to his God.

NIELS HENRIK ABEL

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The garret in which he dwelt was bare of furniture; cheerless, desolate. But he had scarcely observed these things before that day. The narrow walls were dull and grey; the room contained little but the wooden bedstead, the deal table, the chairs.

The tall, thin, gaunt young man rose from his sitting posture on the bed and opened the window of the mansard; the cold morning air smote him with its keenness, so that he gasped for breath. He cast a brief glance into all the corners to see that he had left nothing behind, and a smile of bitter humour passed quickly over his face as he recognised how scanty was the baggage that contained his belongings. Never before had he reflected how lonely, how forsaken had been his existence here. His thoughts had been filled with other cares. Even

when, as so often, he had sat at his little table, looking towards the bare walls, his eyes, half veiled yet gazing as if fixed on a far-distant horizon, had lost the sense of the exterior aspect of things, while thoughts of curious beauty had lightened up his contemplations, and conceptions of exquisite subtlety had seemed, as if unconscious of his effort, to rise, to move in their harmony, to shape themselves to concrete things within his mind.

Abel had fallen into contemplation even now, before realising that terrible resolution which he had taken, before renouncing for ever that bright, alluring dream that had led him to this Mecca of his quest—to Paris. He thought of the disturbed feverous night that he had passed, his mind crowded by the multitude of strange mystic thoughts that had swept in upon him ; alternately buoyed again by some impossible hope, and despairing in the iron grasp of a terrible fate. Already he feared rather than confessed to himself the slow insidious approach of that disease destined to

wear out his young life, to snatch him away from the world before the years he had marked for the completion of the works whose marvel had allured and fascinated him. All night long he had tossed in uneasy rest; his mind revolting at times with a wild fierce energy which burned itself into deathly resolve; then, as if by the relaxing of the very fibres of his heart, came softer emotions, resignation, a possible, more distant, radiant hope.

Abel smiled as with his six months' experience of the mighty city he now saw clearly the *naïveté* of the ideas on which he had placed his faith. He looked at his coarse, threadbare clothes, his big unshapely boots; and for the moment he felt ashamed of his large hands, his tall, ungainly figure, the whole impression of the raw country youth.

The great names that blazoned the scroll of science had attracted him, even to that distant Paris that in his Norwegian home had seemed the centre of light and glory and high accomplish-

ment. Would he not find there the great masters after Lagrange, Poisson, Cauchy, Legendre, Laplace ? And would they not recognise him as one of their breed ? Had not his genius marched from conquest to conquest ? Had not his mind been carried into that heaven of high enthusiasm by the discoveries vouchsafed to his searching, to his god-given power ? He spoke their language ; they had but to hear and the gates would be passed ; and he would be of their immortal company.

Then he reflected on the dream, and the reality ; the Paris of his imagination, and the Paris that he now knew ; the thousand and one things of the occupations of a city life, when he had but looked on the sole great things of achievement in the never-ending toil of science. A flash of bitter pain, of mortifying chagrin smirched his mind with its brand. His frame shook, and he forced back the tears that had started to his eyes. It was over ; the dream. He would return to his beloved Norway ; he would pick

up again the threads of his past work, and he would, by the very force of his conquests, send his fame abroad until it should have penetrated and irradiated in this city, this centre, this Paris of his dreams.

Yes, in spite of it all he was great. Rebuffed, ignored, disappointed, broken, he was great. He knew he was great. His old teacher was not mistaken; Holmboe knew, for his own holy enthusiasm had guided him. Abel's mind had leapt where others had laboriously toiled; he had seen with the swift flash of intuition where others had groped, and he had trod with quick gladness of spirit the heights where others could but cast their eyes. He had been the peer of Descartes, of Newton, the disciple of Euler, and of Lagrange; he had enlarged the masters' work. What he had discovered were truths; men would work up to that; his genius would be known; his name would be set in immortality.

And the blue eyes glowed with a holy flame, and the haggard face, so strange

in the mingling of its youthful freshness with gaunt despair, lighted up in the impress of the bold and masculine intellect which too was stamped there unmistakably.

Abel descended into the street. The bitter wind of winter was blowing; the soft noiseless snow was falling, wafted with a sort of wanton dalliance in the air, the petals of the flower of death making a white fleece on the ground. A grey melancholy forced itself upon the heart of the young man. He hesitated. Beyond the thousands of miles that he must traverse on foot to his own country, what did he see? What hopes at the end of that journey which had shame, defeat, disgrace for its message? The shadow of an early death was upon him, and the white mantle that was covering the earth suggested to him the shroud that would soon encompass him in his last resting-place. . . .

Abel marched along gravely, steadily, resolutely. The limits of the city had been reached. The country lay before

him. The sun's beams at length broke through the heavy atmosphere — the azure sky was seen.

The young man turned for one last look at Paris, and then his eyes were directed upwards toward the blue rift that shone so clearly. An ineffable joy stole upon his soul. His spirit drank in new hope.... Ah, yes, my work will live. It is; it will be. That which I have created will endure for ever. That is in the way of the progress whose vistas have been opened to me. The pilgrim in science, from generation to generation, will pass by the light I have kindled, and it will shine upon his path, and its beams will irradiate within his soul. He will salute the beacon set up by Henrik Abel.

GALOIS

GALOIS

In the Hôpital Cochin in Paris on the 29th May 1832 a young man lay dying. The bullet had traversed his body, tearing important tissues in its course, and the surgeon could do no more than pronounce the sentence of death. Ten hours, twelve, possibly fifteen hours. But death was certain, inevitable. Only a few hours of lucidity were left for him, only a space of time terribly short remained to his reason.

Evariste Galois was calm. It was all over. He meditated on the purport of his life, a life so short, the night so close to the dawning in that rapid course, yet a life infinite in thoughts, in emotions, in passions. It was a life destined soon to end, marked in each step with the fatal seal of genius.

The eyes of Evariste Galois were wide open, calm and reflective; and as he

reclined on the narrow bed which was to be his death-couch the features were so smooth, the regard of the brown eyes so clear, the texture of the pale skin so fine, the setting of the oval face so perfect, the noble brow framed round with the abundant chestnut locks, the energy of expression softened now, the boyish figure abandoned to its languor, that he seemed rather as though awakened from a deep sleep of contentment and peace.

The minutes were flowing, the hours were numbered. Evariste Galois' mind had returned to the days of his childhood in the picturesque village of Bourg-la-Reine. He thought of his father, and the recollection of his father's death and burial for a time made his thoughts sombre, the good and honest man driven to his grave by the same powers of tyranny that had baffled his own life. And the image of his mother filled his mind, that type of Roman matron infused with the grace and the tenderness of the French. His thoughts were

chastened. He could see in the retrospect the first awakening of the soul within the boy, the gentle nature that melted to tears sometimes at a chance spoken word of affection, that trembled with revolt at the sight of injustice; then the ardent desire of greatness, more ardent in the vague outlook than often in the plain reality, the eager pursuit of knowledge, the need of sympathy, the desire of a young spirit to print with passion every hour.

A strange tumult of feeling had seized him when he first entered the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. It was an era of troubled thought, the agitation had pervaded Paris; and in the strange quiet boy the spirit of his ancestors was stirring, and his mother's soul was struggling; the iron rang in response to the call of great endeavours, the Stoic within him gravely uttered his message before his time; the announcement spoke of greatness, of fame, of sacrifice, of death, of immortality. Yet many varied fortunes lay in the brief path.

His life had verified the fate, so often repeated, of the man of genius thrown amongst those who could in no wise comprehend him, who judged him by their own standards, and strove to cramp him in their own Procrustean bed. They had denied his ability, measuring all things again by their own limitations. His soul burned with the true Republican doctrines. The time-servers who had bowed to Moloch gnashed their teeth upon the principles that accused their cowardice.

Rejected for the École Polytechnique, ignored by the Institute, to which he had appealed, he had yet sent his thoughts abroad. His theses in the *Bulletin de Férussac* were the first steps of the giant. He had broken away from the schools, the rejected student had already shown himself a master. How rapidly had the events succeeded. His toast at the banquet of the Vendanges de Bourgogne had led him to Sainte Pélagie, but the prison had fortified his soul. The agitation had stirred him deeply. Yet even

that deep trial had brought its consolations; it made him know the depths of his spirit, and he had seen there nothing mean.

Again it had been his fate to find his way to prison. It was a stage in the march of that campaign which would restore the Republic. Sainte Pélagie had been a shrine at which he had offered his vows. And then amid the promiscuous crowd of prisoners among whom he had been thrown the fidelity to the Republic had been the link that made them all as brothers. His sorrows were forgotten as night by night they assembled in the courtyard of the prison and sang the *Marseillaise*, the children imprisoned in the chambers above taking up the verse in their turn, thrilling them all with the purity of their young voices, panting forth their souls to heaven. And all had knelt under the flag of the Republic, and they had kissed its folds, swearing not to renounce their hope even at the menace of death itself.

Ah! If he could have died like his

comrade Farcy in the fight of those days, the Three Glorious Days that had saved France ! But now, for a cause so futile. Under cover of the coquetry of a grisette a political bravo had slain him. The affair of the Étang de la Glacière was less a duel than a crime.

Yet Galois took courage once again. He had known that he would die. His last letter to his friend Auguste Chevalier contained his scientific testament. That would yet be understood even to its remotest bounds.

The curious thoughts of his lonely meditations, the attraction of his mathematics, the science of exact relations which yielded to his vision glimpses of the infinite ; that science, rigid, precise, cold apparently to others, had to him spoken familiarly its peculiar language, ranging over an endless variety of things. He had bent his mind to the most arduous hidden problems, and he had followed the path of his genius, piercing, piercing, piercing down to wondrous depths whence arose, amidst the in-

tricacies, beams of intelligence, flashes of transcendant import, discovery, discovery, the definite thing known, won from Nature's mysteries, and gained at last to the service of our race.

Then withal his mind again reverted to his hopes of France; the generous thoughts with which his soul had been infused, developing, resolving, clarifying and growing unified at length in the concrete formula of the Republic. Yes, that was his symbol. He had died for that.

The eyes of the young man shone with lustre, and a wistful flush passed over his face. He stretched out his hands in the intensity of his yearning, and the movement brought him pain. Evariste Galois closed his eyes. . . .

His young brother had arrived. At the sight of Evariste a flood of passionate tears broke from his eyes, his utterance choked in sobs. Forward he stumbled rather than stepped, and he seized the cold hand of his brother, and covered it with kisses and wet it with tears.

Evariste Galois opened his eyes. He spoke; the Stoic sounded in the calm firm voice: "Dry your eyes, brother," he said. "Be cheerful. . . . For I have need of all my courage . . . to die at twenty."

SCHWANN

SCHWANN

In the year 1834 a young man, pale, not well dressed, bearing the marks of privations and of the severity of study, was pacing with uneven steps the floor of a little room in a basement of the Kottbuserdamm in Berlin. The room was bare of furniture ; a few books were on the shelf, a microscope and some preparations on the table. But the objects to which the eyes of the young man were directed with a strange intensity were a few simple glass bottles, containing small portions of meat.

The appearance of the young man was not particularly striking, and there was nothing at first sight to distinguish him from the ordinary class of hard-working students of Berlin at that epoch. His countenance was rather plebeian, the features irregular, the nose large, the mouth full, the eyes small, the hair

shaggy. But the head was excellent, the brow large and well arched, and the habitual expression that of good nature, quickened by shrewdness and by a sense of ardent and tenacious intellectual attack. But the eyes were now fiery with some flame of inward source, a kind of exaltation which for the moment cast upon his countenance that air of serene joy that might possibly have illuminated the visages of saints or of martyrs in the hour of trial when agony yields to the supernal triumph of faith.

The young student was Theodore Schwann. He had just terminated an experiment the problem of which had haunted him for months, and which he had at length reduced to a strikingly simple form. A few weeks previously he had placed portions of meat in these bottles and had then closed the orifices of the bottles in such a way as to exclude the outside air. Day by day he had noted the appearance of the meat and had found no sign of putrefaction.

Then he had allowed the air to enter and putrefaction had begun.

That experiment, so direct and little complicated, and which, moreover, to many would have revealed no great secret of nature, filled the mind of Schwann with thoughts that seemed to billow forth within his vision with an extension and force that at their first onset was almost painful in its strain. And still as he meditated, and still as the ideas became palpable and familiar, the sense of their illimitable reach by no means diminished, but continued rather to grow in their impression. The young man, as he paced the room, stopped at times immobile in an attitude in which he was lost to all the external things surrounding him, and in which his mind, divorced from his body, seemed to move with an ethereal freedom in the realms of speculation, as if indeed it were borne on the wings of some high power which carried it aloft, revealing secrets never hitherto told to mortal man.

Again at intervals a sense of oppres-

sion seized him, and he faltered as he paced about the room. That feeling of discomfort passed, and though his mind was still carried away in abstraction his eye grew clear and serene, his expression luminous but untroubled, and the repose of a deep and blissful sense of a great task done, of the halting place reached in a toilsome march which still stretched upwards in alluring glory, now fell upon his mind.

Sincerity is the inmost pith of genius. And in Schwann the sincerity and patience of a keen and well-directed mind, facing the endless maze in which the way of science seemed developed, had found a guidance where others of vaster learning had only seen obscurity or false misleading lights. Simply but determinedly he had pursued his way to the foundation of things, and simply and determinedly he had posed the tests to nature. The result had corresponded to his clear previsions. . . . The clue that Schwann had sought was in the infinitely small. Since all the greatest

aspects of nature are but the result of the accretion of combinations of the elements, themselves infinitely small, it is in the researches of the microscope that we find the thread that will guide us on our path in Nature's labyrinths.

Our natural eyes take in only a small scope of the myriad world that plays about us in infinite whorls of ever-increasing fineness. The telescope and the microscope have given us something akin to the endowment of new faculties, and in the studies to which Schwann had been drawn with peculiar predilection the microscope had been like a lamp on a dark night. The human body beneath his gaze expanded like a continent, and he had explored tracts of the country concealed before from mortal ken. In the determined course of his research, so remote in his exploration from the previously beaten tracks, he had been led to find the bridging of the narrow strait that separated the animal from the vegetable world. The terms growth, development, organic change, took new

and marvellous meanings in his mind. And matter, that to the material eyes of a circumscribed faith seemed inert or dead, became to him a living system, a microcosm, a veritable world.

Matter is indestructible, and if life be not indestructible, at least change of life comes from life invariably.

But wherein is the life that produces this change? That life exists, though invisible. It is but the grossness of our senses, the circumscribed touch with which we move about in the myriad involved worlds, that hides these things from our view. The air itself contains a host of living things of varied kinds, and decay, putrescence, what we call death, is but the evidence of the activity of these minutest forms of life.

Such was the first lesson that Schwann's simple trenchant experiments had revealed. But vaster results lay beyond. For if all organic change be of this character, then not only putrefaction, not only the pathological changes, but all the physiological changes in nature

are due to these living organisms, these microscopic germs of life, as well. And already the illuminated mind of the young student had beheld the results that sprang from his discoveries; he predicted in his ecstatic vision the revolution of medicine and of surgery; the diminution of pain; the improvement, the embellishment, the perfection of our kind. He saw a thousand fields of research opened, and he saw the results extended not only to the operations of the human body but to the whole of the processes of nature; he saw man's perpetual and fundamental struggle against nature, not merely in the animal but in the vegetable worlds, pointing to new and astonishing victories.

But Schwann had seen more than that. He had lately traversed the streets of the capital, unknown, despised, dejected, with that strange sense of loneliness, of discomfort, of shrinking meanness, which is often one of the precursors of discoveries. He saw a civilisation that had advanced through

the centuries and had reached its culmination; he saw a national system of government and a spiritual system of enlightenment that for ages had served the needs of man; and in all this magnificent and vast city he, obscure and poor and lonely, was crushed beneath the weight of power and riches and pomp, and hidden by the splendour of the tinsel of the great. And yet! Even years after he had gone, his work would still rise supreme. The world would gradually behold its truth, its greatness, its limitless vistas of development. And he, unnoticed in his day amidst the blare and noise of so much that was worthless or superficial, would be recognised in time as one of the kings of thought.

And in this organism of the State he saw too the signs of decay, of putrefaction, of dissolution. And the spiritual germ of that vast change existed in his soul. That spark of his great intelligence was the ferment that would destroy empires, governments, religions, and give

a new transformation to the social commonwealth.

But Schwann saw these things not in pride. The material world dissolved before his eyes. He saw it in a sort of mystic splendour, not the mysticism of an unenlightened time, but in the true reality. He saw the ceaseless, amazing whirl in all that we call great and durable and solid; and he saw that this incessant movement, renewal, motion, is one of the conditions of permanence.

Thoughts that startled him rose up within his mind; he posed to himself questions before which reason reeled and instinct quivered. . . .

Then again his mind retired to narrow limits. A sense of the harmony of nature, of the linking of all things to all in an infinite web, had remained with him as an abiding thought; and beyond that mystic woof he discerned vaguely the presence of the Deity, and did not now dare to regard more intently.

He looked upon the few instruments of his experiments. Yes; these were

the lamps. The way of science was marvellous and altogether wonderful, and step by step the conquest must be achieved; and not less to be reverenced than the soaring flight of imagination, the flashes of inspiration, were the patient toil and faithful daily service.

DARWIN

DARWIN

It is not only the brain of the thinker that tells. Thought is also a matter of the heart. The whole man thinks; and from every sense and in every combination the fund of the thought is brought to that last arbiter, the brain; and the force of the ideas consists not merely in their formal meaning but in the impulsion and the cloud of associations with which they leap into day.

The heart of the man, the courage of his soul, is possibly of higher importance to the thinker than the original subtlety of his understanding, for that too becomes refined by exercise. But what can replace that most winning principle of all intellectual progress, the love of truth, the sincerity of purpose, manifested not merely on great occasions and before the eyes of the world, but always, in every circumstance, in every

mode of thought, till it becomes the very habit of the man ? That principle it is which leads the mind to those deep and strange searchings that seem often like a vague and forlorn wandering in mysterious realms, till suddenly a beam of light from on high appears to illuminate the world in which we find ourselves, and makes us know that this is really clearer and more comprehensible than the specious paths that we had left.

Thus the image of the true thinker is never that of the circumscribed mechanic working in the formal rules of a logic without vitality, but rather that of the pioneer who ventures into unknown forests, the navigator who sets his sails to far enchanted shores, who feels himself led on by some high power rather than forcedly urging a route, and who at every turn steers by the compass of the plain and simple sense by which he knows things even by intuition.

How often do we find minds furnished with high intellectual power wrecked

by the moral cowardice which holds them to the safe conventions of their times, and makes them traitors to the truth. They hide themselves in sophistries; their limitations, their very falseness, become virtues in the eyes of the people; they are the great ones of the earth, yet they are essentially mean and vile, and if they hedge and cover themselves, shrinking from the obloquy, the martyrdom that threatens the thinker's path, yet they also never know the one clear joy when, as from realms above, the quick illumination flashes on the mind, and Nature yields a secret of her work.

When we look back on the past, and see how each successive victory of the human mind has been obtained, how each discovery opens up in turn realms that seem to change the very course of our endeavours, but that afterwards the value of that discovery is recognised simply as a new link in the lengthening chain of progress, and that our civilisation itself consists in these successive conquests

and all acquired therefrom; then we form the conception of a world of influences fathomless that float and sweep about our pilgrim steps adventuring here and there; and the very ideas that a hundred toilers have thrown aloft in the same eternal quest seem themselves like living things. The task of the man of genius is to seek the law that shows their working and points out order in the disparate effects.

And in this manner also it will be found that often the best progress of the thoughts is not found in a hard driving of the intellect by rule or rote, but rather in a sense of growth, in the freedom of the mind to find its aliment, to develop thews and sinews, to exhibit feats and great accomplishments as the exercise of its own abundant life. Certainly much toil and tedium lies in the way, much severe discipline and tenacity of purpose under trials; but these again are matters rooted in the individual character. The thinker is a man of purpose, his work he dimly feels is con-

tained in a sort of destiny; he follows like a child led, obeying with simplicity and trust the higher nature which he feels stirring within him. His one touchstone is truth.

And the ideas which lead to great discoveries are in part common to many thinkers because they are the manifestations, caught in glimpses of laws possessing unbounded scope, and of which the phenomena we observe are among the myriad instances of their eternal action. The discovery which combines and reduces to order separate confusing ideas finds its germinating power in a similar reason, in the limitless application of the same principles through a variety of phenomena. The mind developed, trained to observe, to generalise, continually throwing out tentatives of combination and examining them again in simplicity and candour, must at length inevitably discover.

Darwin had been admirably trained for the work he was destined to perform. His very limitations helped him; his

ignorance of so much that it is thought necessary to import into modern education left his energies freer for their appropriate task. A false education had left little impression on him, and a happy instinct of obduracy had prevented him dissipating his powers in uncongenial exercise.

Darwin was thirty-five at the epoch when he found revealed to him the clue for which he had sought so long; but at thirty-five he had already assumed the seriousness of study, the absorption, the superiority to lesser motives, that mark the philosopher. Nor had his physical frame the elasticity and strength naturally accordant with the full prime of life. The five years of research during the voyage of the *Beagle* had done their work. Vicissitudes of climate, fatigues, discomfort, illness, had changed the burly young squire into a valetudinarian. Years of study around one set of objects, even though the field were vast as life itself, had converted the ardent sportsman, to whom dog and gun were like

articles of faith, into the man of science, of vast comprehension, of patient, calm and sincere reasoning.

From the earliest years his intellect, always keen under its appearance of slowness, had been fixed upon realities. A beetle or an oaken bough was not a mere object for collection, an item in a scheme of classification. It had individuality, a definite highly complex and immensely interesting existence. And throughout the whole range of life that interest had appealed to him. Though repugnant then to false learning, yet every helpful fact and lucid exposition of things connected with his studies had found him eager and receptive. The influence of such a mind as Humboldt's—always searching the interplay of phenomena through all the world, and finding the cosmos one living whole—was profound and vitalising, and when Darwin reached his home after that momentous voyage of the *Beagle*, not merely his thoughts had taken a definite trend, but his character had

become established; the very shape of his head was changed.

And yet some years had still elapsed in quiet: the slow maturing and development of his thoughts amid the deep peace of his surroundings in his country seat at Down. The quaint figure of the philosopher, in attitude sometimes like an old man, with the bent brows, the earnest fixedness of the gaze, the tall, thin figure, standing in the fields so still, absorbed, so apparently lifeless that the playful squirrels strove to clamber up his legs, that was the figure destined to shake the world and set civilisation astir. Yet the march had often seemed slow and tedious, disappointing were it not for the constant sense of possibilities.

The reading of Malthus had given Darwin a new light, and had inspired a new field of study. More and more he was entering into the life of the creatures he knew, more and more he beheld his intricacies developing, and more and more he saw how all the vast creation that we know is involved in

the existence even of the meanest living thing.

He had still followed game, as another man of science phrased it; he still beat about the bushes and trudged in familiar scenes, gaining steadily in acquaintance, perceiving interactions and accordances more clearly, finding his mind more disengaged for speculative efforts. And at length, one fine day in the January of 1844, while quietly sitting in his carriage, not in the immediate heat and toil of intellectual effort, but rather with mind relaxed, expansive, taking in, in quiet survey, an amplitude of things, allowing his ideas of their own accord to arrange themselves in their associations, suddenly the truth dawned and flashed upon him; and in that moment of recognition he beheld not merely the solution of his immediate problems but the opening out of an endless field of new research.

The principle of natural selection had completed the principle of the struggle for existence; and he saw in this adapta-

tion of the creature to its surroundings the principle which, no doubt according with others previously advanced, led the mind once more to that alluring problem, which had challenged and beguiled and thwarted the efforts of man for ever, and yet had ever brought him back again to its fascinating contemplation—the Origin of Species.

In that moment Darwin's work was in a sense complete. Certainly there lay before him an immense field of labour; but that field could be threshed out by inferior labourers; it had required the eye of the master workman to find the one clear principle which gave meaning to the whole.

And Darwin even then saw the new impulse to science given, the new series that must be developed; the sciences of anatomy, biology, botany, cast anew; physiology, embryology, studied in a new manner; new relations and references obtained with remoter cosmic phenomena, with geology, with chemistry, with meteorology, finally with astronomy;

even the foundation of a new mode of thought, or science, which would be as the matrix to contain it all ; the question of change in itself—the principle of Evolution.

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